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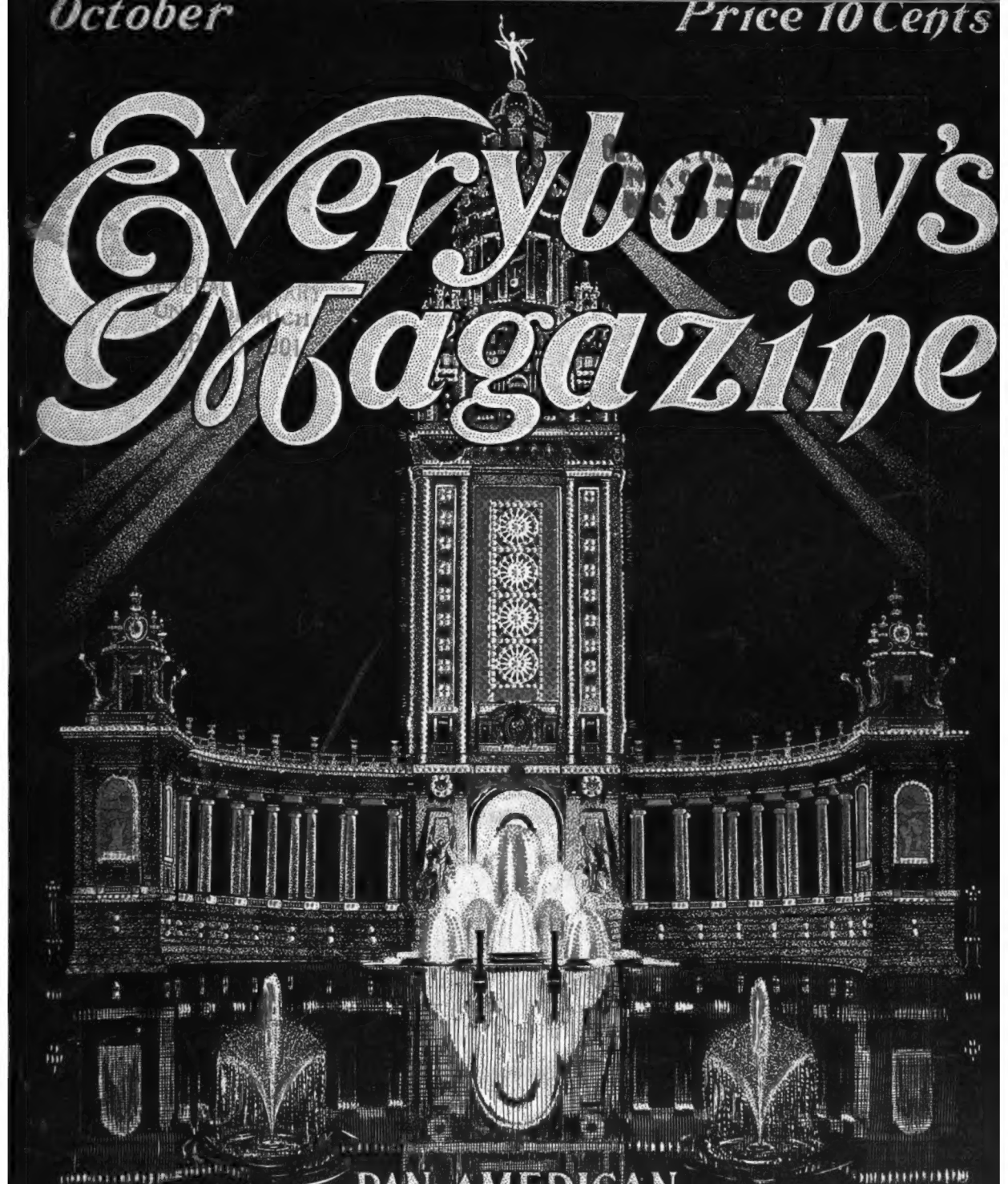

PAN-AMERICAN
EXPOSITION
NUMBER

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Arthur Hewitt.

ELECTRIC TOWER AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1901. No. 26.

THE AUTOMATIC AGE

Electrical Marvels and Mechanical Triumphs at the PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

BY DONALD MURRAY.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

NANCY, a pretty Esquimaux child, the pride of her native village at the Pan-American Exposition, used the telephone for the first time in her life the other day. Her mother was at the other end of the line, and when Nancy heard her mother's voice coming out of the black thing she was holding to her ear she was thunderstruck; when she found that she also could talk to her mother in her own Esquimaux tongue her eyes danced with laughter and excitement.

Nancy is not the only visitor who finds things to wonder at in the Electricity and Machinery buildings at the Pan-American. Even those well acquainted with electricity and mechanics may ask with reason where is it all going to stop—this development of electrical inventions and the replacement of man by automatic machines. Are men going to do away with themselves altogether? It looks like it. Already automatic machines are to be found in nearly all the industries. Presently we shall have automatic factories, and then by and by, when machines have been made to use up the things the other machines make, the process will be complete, and it will be time for men to get off the earth.

Already many factories are to a large extent automatic—flour-mills, for instance—and even in the case of more complicated products, like typewriters and watches, it is surprising to find to what a large extent the work of production is carried on without the intervention of human beings. In one cheap watch factory in America there is a large room with about one hundred automatic screw machines attended by a solitary Italian at six dollars a week. The

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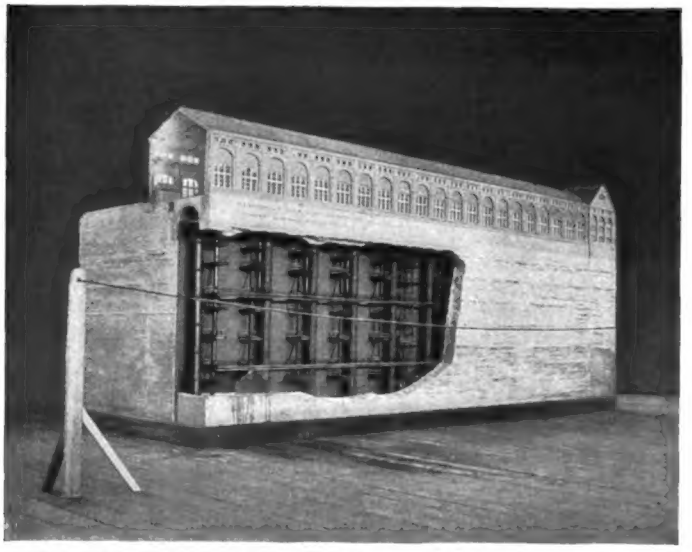
effect on entering the room is startling. These watches, it is said, cost only fifteen cents to manufacture complete, though they are sold for a good deal more than that.



MODEL OF NIAGARA POWER-HOUSE SHOWING THE SHAFTS OF SIX OF THE 5,000 HORSE-POWER TURBINES. A SINGLE ONE OF THESE LIGHTS THE PAN-AMERICAN. NIAGARA COULD DRIVE A THOUSAND OF THEM.

One of these watches, so the writer was informed by its owner, did not vary half a minute a day, though he had had it for five years. That is what the automatic machine is doing. In typewriter and other factories it is not an uncommon thing to see one man attending from twelve to twenty automatic machines.

THE LIGHT FOR PAN-AMERICA COMES FROM NIAGARA.

Although the electrical and mechanical display at the Pan-American is necessarily not so extensive as it was at Chicago and Paris, still the growth of the automatic idea forces itself on the attention of the visitor more clearly at Buffalo than at any previous exposition. Contrary to the general impression, electricity does little more than supply convenient motive-power for these automatic machines, which are purely mechanical. Electricity is the slave of the switch and push-button, and not of the cam and lever.

Certainly the most beautiful and striking feature of the Exposition is the external illumination of the buildings at night. It is one of the most charming spectacles ever devised by man. But as pen and camera have made this fairyland scene familiar to all, it will suffice here to briefly record the fact that it takes electric current equal to five thousand horse-power to make the display. This great current is generated twenty miles away at the Niagara Falls power-house at a pressure of twenty-two thousand volts. Copper and aluminum wires are terribly expensive when long lines have to be considered, and therefore, to economize in this direction by using small wires, instead of transmitting to Buffalo a large current of electricity at a low pressure, it is first converted into a thin stream of electricity under the enormous pressure of twenty-two thousand volts. The change is made by what are known as "step-up" transformers. Comparatively small wires then convey this thin stream of electricity to Buffalo, where it goes through "step-down" transformers which reduce the pressure by half, and double the quantity of the current. In this condition, at a pressure of eleven thousand volts, it is brought to the Electricity Building in the Exposition grounds. Here it once more passes through step-down transformers, eighteen of them in the General Electric Company's section of the building, the quantity of current being greatly increased and the pressure reduced to eighteen hundred volts. It is then distributed to various points on the grounds, where the pressure is further reduced, ready for service in the two hundred thousand little eight-candle incandescent lamps with which the buildings are begemmed. To keep these little lamps glowing, about seven thousand tons of water have to fall ten feet every minute at Niagara twenty miles away.

A BEAUTIFUL, DANGEROUS, AND UNIQUE EXPERIMENT—THE ILLUMINATION.

The mechanism by which these lights are gradually turned on and afterwards grad-

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W. H. Lyman.

"NANCY, A PRETTY ESQUIMAUX CHILD, THE PRIDE OF HER NATIVE VILLAGE, . . . USED THE TELEPHONE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE THE OTHER DAY."

ually turned off is one of the most remarkable things about the Exposition, but it is so dangerous that visitors are not allowed to see it. Any one who has turned on an electric light knows that it cannot be turned half on. It will flash up full or go out altogether, no matter how carefully the switch is turned. Obviously to turn on two hundred thousand lights gradually must be a great deal harder. It is done by what is known as a water rheostat. If instead of trying to turn an electric light half on by

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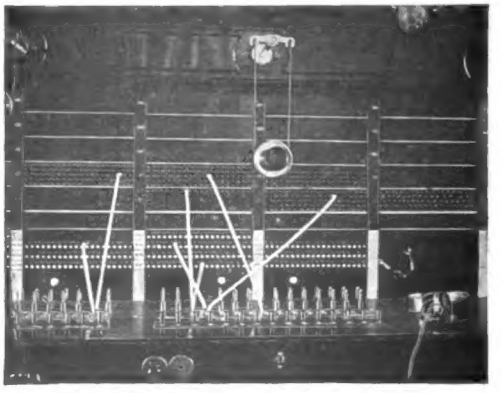
A GLANCE UP AT THE FESTOONS OF NERNST LAMPS.

manipulating the switch, we lead the current through a bucket of water, the light in the lamp can be graduated in the most perfect way. The water offers a high resistance to the passage of the current, and only allows a small amount to flow through. By varying the distance of the wires apart in the bucket of water, the resistance, and therefore the current and therefore the light in the lamp can be varied. At the Pan-American this has been done on a scale never before attempted. The five thousand horse-power current from Niagara, at eleven thousand volts pressure, is led into the Exposition grounds at the back of the Midway to a building supported on posts about fourteen feet from the ground. This is for safety. In this building there are three large water tanks through which the current has to pass. In each of the three tanks there is a big slab of cast iron eight feet long. These slabs are raised or lowered in the water by an electric motor, thereby increasing or decreasing the distance that the current must travel through the water, thus graduating the current and the illumination of the buildings. All that is necessary is for the official in charge to turn a switch. This starts the motor, and it slowly lowers the cast-iron slabs in the tanks, and the lights all over the Exposition slowly increase as the water resistance is diminished. In a few seconds the current makes the cold water in the three tanks boil furiously.

AN ELECTRIC LIGHT THAT MAY BE BLOWN OUT.

From an industrial point of view the most important electrical novelty at the Pan-American is the display of Nernst lamps in the Westinghouse section of the Electricity Building. They were shown at the Paris Exposition last year, but this is the first time that they have been publicly displayed in America. From the tented dome of the building about one hundred of these lamps are hung in beautiful festoons. The display attracts general attention in the evening, but to the vast majority of visitors they are just electric lights. As a matter of fact, they are the latest development of the fight between gas and electricity, and the technical journals have been devoting many columns to the subject during the past year or two. A gas-flame is luminous because the particles of carbon it contains are rendered white-hot by the chemical action of the burning gas. In the limelight white-hot lime is substituted for white-hot carbon. When Edison invented his incandescent electric light he adopted a carbon filament, heating it white-hot by the electric current. Several years ago the gas-light inventors delivered a severe blow to incandescent electric lighting by the invention of the Welsbach light, which more than doubled the amount of light supplied by a given quantity of gas, thereby making gas-light much cheaper than incandescent electric light. In the Welsbach light certain rare earths, known as the oxides of zirconium, cerium, thorium, and others, all relatives of ordinary quicklime, were made up in the form of a lacelike mantle, which was heated white-hot in a gas-flame mixed with air so as to burn clear. The Welsbach light is therefore practically a limelight. Lime



YOU CAN'T "RING UP" NOW. IT'S "GLOW UP." BIT OF A MODERN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE, SHOWING THE ROWS OF LITTLE LAMPS THAT FLASH UP SUBSCRIBERS' CALLS.

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ELECTRICITY BUILDING AND WEST WING OF THE COLONNADES OF ELECTRIC TOWER, IN ILLUMINATION.

Arthur Hewitt.

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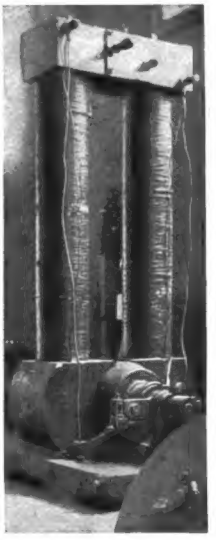
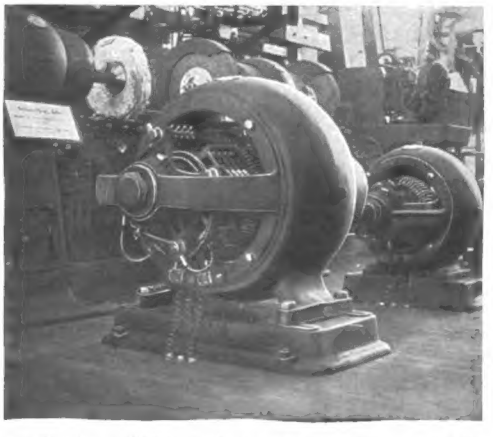
and its relatives are far more efficient light producers than carbon. Hence the economy of the Welsbach light. At this stage the relative position of the various lights as regards cost per hour was as follows:

1. Edison incandescent electric light, dearest of the modern lights.
2. Gas and kerosene.
3. Welsbach incandescent gaslight.
4. Electric arc light, cheapest of all commercial lights.

But now the electric-light inventors have stolen a march on the gaslight inventors by using a lime filament instead of a carbon filament in the electric lamps, with the result that the cost per hour of the incandescent electric light is reduced one-half, and thus made considerably cheaper than gas. The new light comes from Germany, being the invention of Professor Nernst, and it has some remarkable features. Lime (or rather its relatives, the rare earths used in the Welsbach lamp and also in the Nernst lamp) will not conduct electricity when cold, but will do so freely if heated red-hot. The Nernst lamp contains a little rod of the limelike earths about the size of a sewing needle with a wire attached to each end. This is called the "glower." It is placed close to a small "heater." When the current is turned on it first flows through and heats the heater, which in turn heats the glower. The current then flows through the glower, heating it still further till it gives out the most dazzling white light. The light is protected by a small frosted glass globe. As the glower must first be heated before it will conduct the electric current, this strange electric lamp may be lit by heating the glower with an ordinary match, and it can also be blown out like a candle, blowing against the glower, cooling it so much that the electric current is stopped. Also when the current is turned on the lamp does not light at once. It takes about eight or ten seconds before it glows up in all its beauty, the heater having first to operate. As shown at the Pan-American, it is made up in the form of pretty little fifty-candle lamps that look like baby arc lamps, with globes about the size of an orange. They are made to screw into the ordinary incandescent-light sockets. One is equivalent in lighting power to three incandescent sixteen-candle lamps, and it only consumes half the energy. Each ordinary sixteen-candle incandescent lamp costs about a cent an hour for current, or one and one-half cents for three lamps. The fifty-candle Nernst lamp replacing the three consumes just half that amount, or three-quarters of a cent of current per hour. The Nernst lamp, unfortunately, is handicapped by being much more complicated and therefore expensive than the ordinary incandescent lamp, but one Nernst is equal to three of the others, and the filament is easily renewed when worn out, its life being about nine hundred hours. The light is remarkably brilliant and white, and shows up fabrics in their daylight tints, a unique and extremely useful quality in an artificial light.



AN OLD-TIME DYNAMO. EDISON'S FAMOUS OLD "JUMBO."



A TYPICAL MODERN DYNAMO OR MOTOR. CONTRAST THIS ROUND MACHINE WITH "JUMBO."

AUTOMATIC "HELLO GIRLS."

Next in importance to the Nernst lamps is the display of telephones. There are no less than ten large exhibitors of telephones. As most people are aware, there has been extraordinary activity during the last few years in the telephone field, the expiration of patents and the consequent rivalry of

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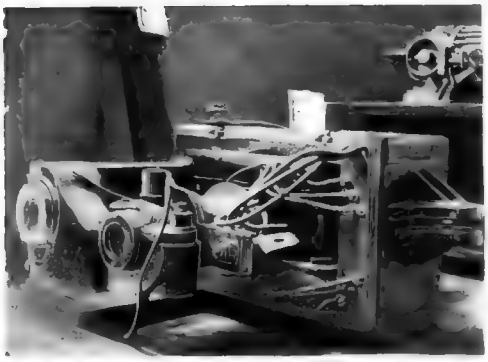
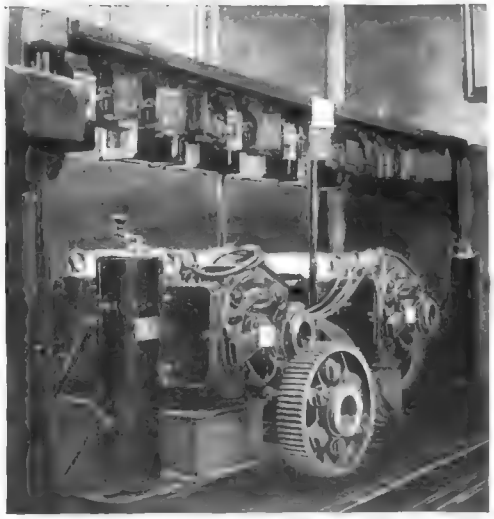


THE EARLIEST THING IN TROLLEY-CAR MOTORS.

various companies forcing development in a remarkable way. Several of the companies show complete exchanges in actual work. There are also several automatic telephone exchanges in which any subscriber can call up any other by transmitting a certain number of signals corresponding to the number of the subscriber he wants to raise. These are chiefly for office buildings. This automatic idea has received a remarkable development within the last year or so in the shape of what is known as the Strowger Automatic Telephone Exchange. This is for city use, and not merely for offices in a building. New Bedford, Massachusetts, has an exchange on this system adapted for ten thousand subscribers. It has only recently been completed, but already there are over five hundred subscribers connected. Everything is automatic, and instead of a long row of telephone girls, there is one solitary attendant whose services are only required occasionally for supervision. Each subscriber can call up any other by turning a small dial successively to each of the digits in the number he requires, and he is then at once automatically connected to the required number. If the number called is already engaged, the caller is automatically warned of the fact, and he cannot break in on the conversation. Apart from this automatic system in which the "hello girl" has been abolished altogether, the chief improvement has been in the method of calling up the exchange. With an up-to-date telephone service it is no longer possible to ring up the exchange. All one needs to do, and all one can do, is to lift the receiver off the hook. The moment that is done a little incandescent lamp glows up on the exchange; central says "hello," the subscriber gives the number wanted, and the connection is made. When the subscriber wanted takes his receiver off the hook his lamp at the exchange glows up. Central never needs to ask, "Are you through?" The lamps show that. The appearance of a busy switchboard equipped in this way is very pretty, as the little lamps have a resemblance to fire-flies. There are other important improvements, such as the "central battery system," which has worked a complete revolution in telephone exchanges during the past five years. This means that instead of having a local battery at each telephone, all the electric power is concentrated at the exchange. This and other arrangements greatly increase the efficiency of the telephone service, but otherwise they are of no interest to the general public.

CONTRASTS—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

It will be news to many that dynamos have gone out of fashion. Those who belong to the smart set of the electrical world talk now of generators. Generators—that is to say, our old friends the dynamos—have ceased to be specially interesting because, like the fiddle, they have reached perfection. To those who have not paid attention to the matter this may sound like an exaggeration, but, as a matter of fact, there is not much room now for improvement in electrical machinery. Everything is becoming



THE LATEST THING IN CAR-MOTORS. 250 HORSE-POWER ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT FOR A MANHATTAN "L" TRAIN.

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fixed and standardized—a sure sign of maturity. The limitations and conditions are well understood, and only a few more revolutions are possible, and none probable. Light without heat, and electricity from coal without serious loss of energy, are two of the most ardently desired. Wireless telegraphy affords a lesson in regard to the unlikelihood of any revolutions in present electrical arrangements. There was an impression amongst the general public that it would sweep away telegraph wires and revolutionize telegraphy. But it hasn't and it won't. It fills a gap by supplying an invaluable system of marine signalling, but that is about all.

The contrast between the old experiments and the present perfection are well brought out in the accompanying illustrations. In the historical exhibit in the Electricity Building there may be seen the famous old Edison "jumbo" dynamo. Elsewhere modern generators and motors may be observed by the score, all models of compact power.

Another contrast of the same kind is furnished by one of the first trolley-car motors, made about twenty years ago, and shown in the historical exhibit. It may be compared with the electrical equipment being made by the General Electric for the Manhattan Elevated Railway. In the illustration showing this equipment there will be seen two modern car-motors. Each of these is 125 horse-power, making 250 horse-power for each train. Clearly, when the "L" trains get their new electrical equipment they will not be liable to stop on account of weakness.

Another notable feature of the new equipment for the Manhattan Elevated is a set of eight huge steam condensers. One of these, exhibited at the Pan-American, is shown in the illustration on page 396. It is really a huge triple pump run by a big electric motor. Electric motors run everything in these days.

A STEEL RING STRONG ENOUGH TO SUSPEND AN ATLANTIC LINER.

Although there is little room now for improvement in the construction of motors and generators, the growth in size and power is remarkable. And increase in size brings new problems. An exhibit in the Electrical Building that helps one to realize this is a nickel-steel ring forged by hydraulic power at the Bethlehem Steel Works. The ring is four feet wide and six inches thick, about twelve feet in diameter, and weighs about fifteen tons. It is the field ring for one of the new five thousand horse-power generators now being made for the new power-house at Niagara Falls by the General Electric Company. To break this steel ring there would be required a strain of about twelve thousand tons. In other words, an Atlantic liner could be suspended from it in safety. To make this ring, a piece of red-hot steel weighing about fifteen tons was put into a hydraulic press and squeezed like a bit of dough into the right shape. The ring may be seen on the left side of the illustration, page 396, showing the eighteen transformers which "step down" the five thousand horse-power current for the electrical illuminations.

PICTURES AND AUTOGRAPH LETTERS SENT BY WIRE.

From a telegraphic point of view there are three very interesting exhibits at the Pan-American. These are the Delany High-speed Automatic Telegraph, the Electrograph system of transmitting pictures by telegraph, and the Gray Telautograph for transmitting handwriting by telegraph. The Delany automatic telegraph can transmit eight thousand words a minute over a distance of fifty miles, while two thousand or three thousand words a minute can be sent from New York to Boston, one thousand words a minute from New York to Chicago, and probably about one hundred words a minute from New York to San Francisco. It is done by means of a perforated paper tape, the work of perforation being performed by a very neat perforating machine operated by an ordinary Morse key, which may be at any distance from the perforating instrument, hundreds of miles away if necessary. This perforated transmitting tape is then run through a machine, which automatically transmits signals at a high speed in accordance with the holes in the tape. At the receiving station the signals are recorded on a chemical receiving tape. The system is very ingenious and simple, and works well. Mr. Delany's ambition is to empty the mail-bags and send letters by wire instead of by train. He calls it the "Electropost." It is understood that ar-

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Arthur Hewitt.

TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE, FOUNTAIN OF ABUNDANCE, AND TEMPLE OF MUSIC, IN ILLUMINATION, LOOKING SOUTHWEST OVER THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS.

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THE GREAT NICKEL-STEEL RING AND THE 18 STEP-DOWN TRANSFORMERS OF 11,000-VOLT CURRENT FROM NIAGARA.

rangements to try the system are being made by one of the big railroad companies. There is also some talk of establishing a special wire for it between New York and Chicago.

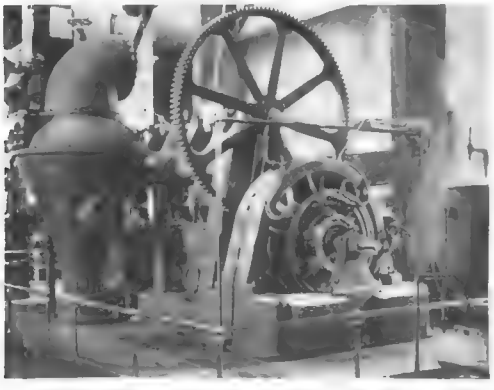
The Electrograph, which is being exhibited in the Patent Office Department of the Government Building, transmits pictures by telegraph in a very simple way. A photograph is etched on a zinc plate in the usual way for making a half-tone engraving. The plate is then bent round into tubular form and slipped on to a cylinder on the transmitting machine. As the cylinder revolves the curved zinc plate is carried round under a small brass needle, which traces a long spiral round the curved zinc plate as it revolves. Every portion of the plate is thus touched in succession by the needle. As the plate passes under the needle line by line, the needle makes contact with the metal points left by the etching process, and signals are thus transmitted over the telegraph line to a corresponding cylinder on a machine at the other end of the line. This cylinder carries a paper tube, upon which, while it revolves, a pen records line by line the signals as they are transmitted. The result is the transmission of excellent portraits.

In the Patent Office section are also shown several electric typewriters, the labor of depressing the keys being performed by an electromagnet. The merest touch on the keys makes the machine write. By lightening the work of the operator in this way the speed is increased.

The Gray Telautograph is not such a novelty, as it has been shown at many expositions, but as a machine by which one can write at a distance it never fails to attract the attention of visitors. Of storage batteries or accumulators there are numbers

THE DELANY AUTOMATIC TELEGRAPH, SENDING 8,000 WORDS A MINUTE BY MEANS OF A PERFORATED PAPER TAPE.

at the Pan-American, one being the largest cell on earth, but, though they are of great importance commercially, they are neither picturesque nor interesting to people not familiar with electrical engineering. As they are made of lead and sulphuric acid, their weight is a grave handicap where portability is required. A specimen cell of the new Edison storage battery, which has caused such a stir during the last few months, has been on view in the Edison section of the Electricity Building at the Pan-American since the latter part of July. It uses iron, nickel, and caustic potash. The result is a battery of only about half the weight for the same amount of energy as the lead and sulphuric acid combination. There has been much theoretical discussion of this new battery, but so far no records of practical tests and comparisons are available, and everybody is waiting for the verdict of experience. Nickel is costly



A LITTLE PICTURE OF A BIG STEAM CONDENSER FOR THE MANHATTAN "L" LINE. IT IS RUN BY THE INEVITABLE ELECTRIC MOTOR.

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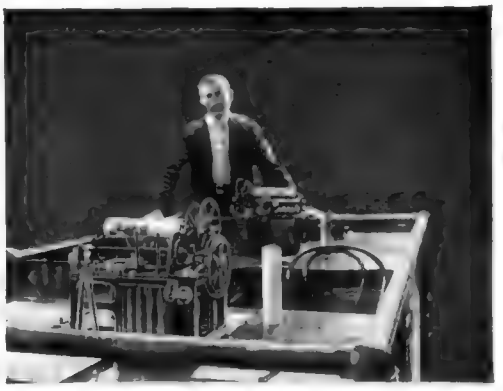
compared with lead, so that if the battery fulfils expectations its chief value will probably be for purposes requiring economy of weight, such as driving automobiles. Meantime the specimen cell at the Pan-American has been attracting a lot of attention.



AUTOMATIC MACHINE FOR TELEGRAPHING PICTURES. IT WILL SEND YOUR PORTRAIT BY WIRE FROM NEW YORK TO CHICAGO.

From one electrical point of view the Pan-American is deficient. Visitors do not gain any idea from it of the extent of the electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical industries. These are assuming immense proportions, especially at Niagara, and it is probable that in time all our chemical industries will be based on the electric current derived from waterfalls. Already at Niagara there are large factories producing, amongst other things, phosphorus, caustic potash, hydrochloric acid, sodium, caustic soda, bleaching powder, aluminum, carborundum, and graphite. Samples of the products of some of these industries are shown, including aluminum; carborundum, the beautiful grinding material next in hardness to the diamond; calcium carbide, the source of acetylene gas; and artificial graphite made from coal. These are about the only electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical exhibits that attract notice.

PORTRAIT SENT FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK BY THE PICTURE-TELEGRAPHING MACHINE.

MACHINES THAT THINK, AND OTHERS.

Turning now to the mechanical triumphs, there is nothing that is very new. Mechanical triumphs are slow growths, the result of the accumulated labors of many inventors. Still they are new to most people, as are also the principles underlying them. Most machines are like human beings. They are commonplace, and interesting only to those immediately connected with them. Reference will, therefore, be made here only to the remarkable machines, those that are so largely replacing human labor; that is to say, the automatic inventions.

There are in reality two kinds of automatic machines. There are automatic producing machines and automatic distributing machines. The former save labor. The latter save idleness. For instance, all the coin-in-the-slot inventions are automatic distributing machines. They do not save labor. They transfer it by compelling the buyer to do the work of both buying and selling, thereby saving the idle moments of the buyer and increasing the profit of the seller. It is the same principle as that upon which some of the modern quick-lunch restaurants are managed. Waiters are abolished, and each customer serves himself. This system saves the time that the customer would otherwise spend in idleness while being served by a waiter. In Berlin there is a restaurant where this principle is carried to its logical conclusion, there being no attendants at all, and everything being supplied by coin-in-the-slot mechanisms. The Strowger Automatic Telephone Exchange is another example of the same thing. It abolishes the telephone girls by throwing their work upon the subscribers, the theory being that the subscriber has to wait a few moments while the telephone girl at the exchange is making the connection, and that the subscriber might just as well utilize that waste time for the benefit of the telephone company by making the connection himself. This automatic exchange does not produce anything. It simply supplies a connection. None of these automatic distributing machines are automatic machines in the proper sense of the term. They do not "think" like the automatic producing machines. They will not work by themselves. They will only operate momentarily as the direct result of human action. The real automatic machines

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are those which produce articles, and which will run sometimes for hours without any human supervision. These again may be divided into automatic machines that turn out a continuous product and automatic machines that produce separate articles. The two classes merge into one another more or less, but the paper-making machine is a good example of the first class. Machines of this kind can hardly be said to think, even in the metaphorical sense in which the term is here used. There is no great ingenuity exhibited in their construction, only good engineering skill. The motion of the paper pulp is continuous through the machine until it is finally rolled up as paper. The web-printing machines that print newspapers from a continuous roll of paper have characteristics of both classes. The feeding of the paper is continuous, so that as far as that is concerned the machine does not think. But otherwise the machine does quite a lot of brainwork. It prints the paper, cuts it up into separate sections, assembles them and folds them into newspapers, and finally counts them out into lots ready for delivery. A better example of the automatic machine producing separate articles is the automatic printing-press used for printing books and other better-class publications. In machines of this kind the paper is already cut up into separate sheets, and an automatic feeder picks up the paper sheet by sheet from a big pile, and feeds it into the printing mechanism, after which the sheet is passed by means of automatic delivery mechanism to the pile of printed sheets on the other side of the machine. This arrangement is typical of a large number of automatic machines. On one side there is a pile of the unfinished articles, often arranged in a case or magazine. The machine takes them one by one, operates on them, and pushes them out into another case or magazine for holding the finished articles. These automatic producing machines are the real labor-saving machines that think. Their thinking is almost invariably done by means of a row of cams which, as a rule, are assembled on a single shaft. This row of cams is the brain of the automatic machine. As the cams, which are simply irregular wheels, can be so shaped to give almost any desired motion to levers, it follows that it is possible to construct automatic machines that will do almost anything.

Before referring to some remarkable examples of such machines at the Pan-American, a few words must first be devoted to the milling machine. It is this machine as much as any other that has made the construction of automatic machines possible at a reasonable price, and it is the milling machine also that has had a large share in the development of the vitally important principle of interchangeability of parts.

AN AUTOMATIC FRIEND OF THE POOR MAN.

To engineers the milling machine is a familiar friend, but amongst the general public not one man in a hundred has any idea of what it is, although it is hardly an exaggeration to say that it is the most important of modern metal-working machines. Milling machines can do almost anything in the way of shaping metal. It is the milling machine that makes the modern bicycle possible, modern firearms, the typewriter, the sewing-machine, watches, and a host of other machines. If it were not for milling machines most of these things would cost five or six times as much as they do now. The illustration on page 400 gives a very good idea of a plain milling machine. The principle underlying the milling machine is that a single cutting tool, even of the finest steel, will not keep sharp for more than a few hours when cutting metal. In turning or planing a piece of metal the tool may be sharp when it starts and blunt when it finishes. The work will consequently not be accurate, and interchangeability of parts will be out of the question. If, however, we have fifty tools, each taking its turn at the work, they will keep sharp for fifty times as long as the single tool. Many tools also cut much faster than one. A number of cutting edges combined in this way forms what is known as a "milling cutter." The cutting tools are arranged as teeth round the circumference of a wheel. A circular saw for cutting wood is an example of a milling cutter. Milling cutters are made in a great variety of sizes and forms, and will cut metal to almost any shape. The illustration shows what is known as "a gang" of milling cutters. Cutters can be assembled in this way to cut any required pattern, and they will cut piece after piece all exactly alike and interchangeable. Milling machines may be seen in great variety in the Machinery Building at the Pan-American,

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Arthur Hewitt.

AT NIGHT, LOOKING ACROSS THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS TOWARD THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

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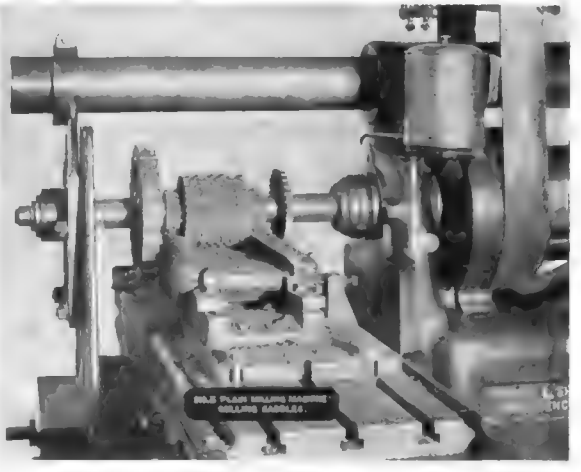
HANDS THAT LABOR WITHOUT LIFE.

Another slowly perfected invention that is having a great effect on modern machine industry is the automatic screw machine. This started out as an ordinary turning lathe. The chief improvement was the invention of what is known as the monitor or turret tool holder. This holds half a dozen or more tools of different kinds and shapes which can be brought to bear successively on the work, cutting off definite amounts from definite parts of the metal rod that is held to be operated upon in the turning lathe. In this way screws and other small articles are made very expeditiously, on what are known as "monitor" lathes, by boys who, at the right moment, swing the tools in the turret round successively to the work. This stage having been reached, an ingenious inventor devised an arrangement of cams, known as a cam drum, which automatically brings the proper tools into play at the right moment. This invention completed the automatic screw machine in all essential respects. They have now been so much improved that there is hardly any limit to the variety in shapes and sizes of the small articles that they can cut automatically, from ordinary screws up to the beautiful balls for the ball-bearings of bicycles. The illustration shows a small automatic screw machine in the foreground and several larger ones behind it. The cam drums will be noticed with bits of steel plate screwed on to them at various angles. These are the cams which operate the tools. Shifting these plates to different angles and positions and changing the kinds and shapes of tools employed vary the shape of the article turned out.



THE KEY-NOTE OF MODERN INDUSTRY. A MILLING MACHINE AT WORK, SHOWING A GANG OF MILLING CUTTERS CHEWING THEIR WAY THROUGH A BLOCK OF CAST IRON, TURNING OUT AN ARTICLE COMPLETE AT ONE OPERATION.

AUTOMATIC SCREW MACHINES THAT WILL MAKE ALMOST ANYTHING YOU TELL THEM TO. YOU START THEM GOING, THEY DO THE REST.

ASTONISHING TYPE-SETTING MACHINES AND ENVELOPE MACHINES.

One of the most remarkable of the automatic machines at the Pan-American is the Lanston Monotype, a machine for casting and setting type, shown in the Patent Office Department of the United States Government Building. This machine, like the others, has a cam shaft, but a considerable portion of its brainwork is done by means of a perforated paper tape. This is a device not so often resorted to as cams. The best known example of its use is in the Jacquard loom. It is also an essential feature of automatic telegraphy. In the case of the Monotype, the perforated tape is prepared on a separate machine with a typewriter keyboard. The operator, having in front of him the manuscript that it is desired to convert into type, sits at this keyboard and touches the keys, which perforate the tape with groups of holes corresponding to the letters required. This roll of perforated paper tape is then put in the automatic type casting and setting mechanism, which at once, without human aid, begins to cast and set individual type in regular column form as required by print-

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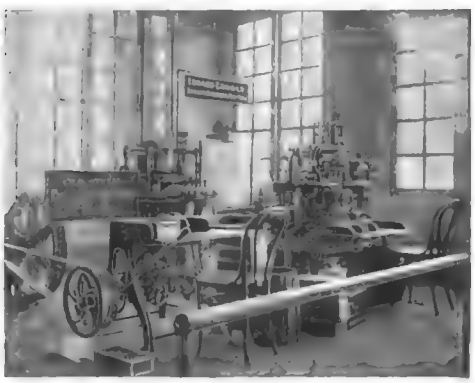
THE MONOTYPE. AN AUTOMATIC MIRACLE OF MECHANISM THAT SETS UP AND CASTS TYPE ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTION GIVEN BY A PERFORATED STRIP OF PAPER.

ers. That is to say, it not only casts the type and sets it, but it also "justifies" the lines. That means that it inserts the exact spaces between the words required to fill out each line to the width of the column. It casts and sets about 160 letters per minute. This is somewhat faster than a man can write comfortably. It is not until one has seen a machine like the Monotype that one begins to realize the possibilities of automatic machinery.

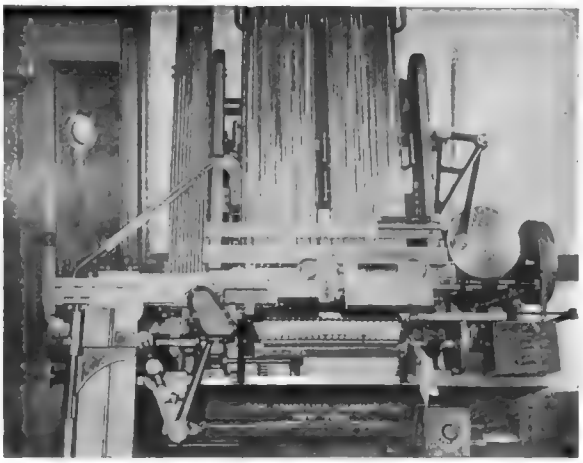
Next to the Monotype in the Government Building is another miracle of modern ingenuity, the Linotype. This machine is so successful that it has become famous. The back of it reveals in a remarkable way the row of cams so characteristic of most automatic machines and of those here described.



A MODERN AUTOMATIC ENVELOPE-MAKING MACHINE. AN OLD-TIMER USED IN 1860.

Another wonderful machine, the Dow Composing machine, is on exhibition in the Graphic Arts Workshop. This machine sets and justifies type in column form at a very rapid rate; greater, it is claimed, than is possible with any other machine of the kind. The method of justifying the length of each line is an astonishingly ingenious piece of automatic mechanism. At the back of this machine also will be found the usual row of cams that do the thinking.

An automatic machine of a different class, but having the inevitable thinking equipment, is an envelope machine in the Graphic Arts Workshop. A pile of paper blanks stamped out in the shape of an unfolded envelope are put into this machine, and



THE LATEST TYPE-SETTING MACHINE, THE DOW. ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE FACT THAT MACHINES CAN BE MADE NOW TO DO ANY KIND OF WORK.

straightway it starts pasting and folding them into perfect envelopes at the rate of seven or eight thousand an hour. It is entirely automatic. It is a growth like the others, and alongside of it is exhibited the first envelope machine.

AUTOMATIC GUNS.

Amongst the Government exhibits are automatic guns of various kinds. These are beautiful examples of machines which destroy instead of producing. The Maxim automatic gun, for instance, destroys the cartridges produced by other automatic machines. It is an interesting process, but people nowadays are beginning to doubt the utility of it.

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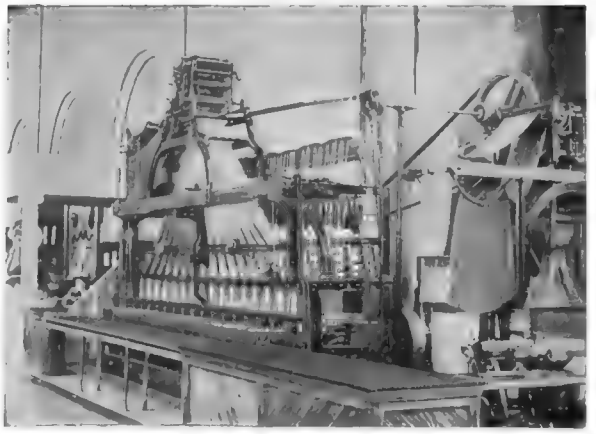
SOME MACHINES ENDOWED WITH THE ARTISTIC SENSE.

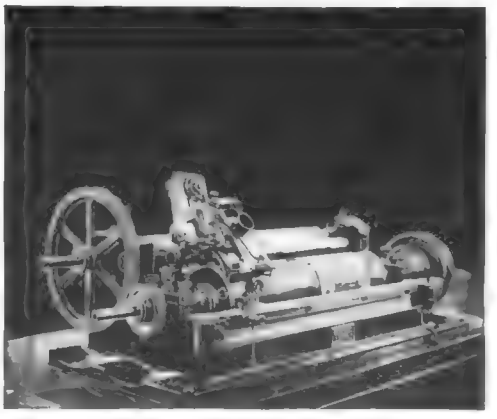
Another machine in the Government Building is worthy of note. It is an automatic engraving machine. A carbon-print photograph is wrapped round a cylinder, picture side out, and is then covered with a thin sheet of celluloid. The picture on the carbon print is in slight relief, the amount of relief varying with the amount of light or shade. As the cylinder revolves an engraving tool cuts fine lines on the celluloid, the depth of the cuts varying in accordance with the amount of relief in the carbon photograph at the back of it. The celluloid sheet is then fixed to a wood-block and is ready to print from. In this automatic machine the varying surface of the carbon-print takes the place of the cams that think, and controls the engraving operation.



JACQUARD LOOM WEAVING SIXTEEN SILK SOUVENIR PICTURE-RIBBONS AT ONCE.

One of the older automatic machines is the famous Jacquard loom. As is usual at expositions, there are several of these at the Pan-American engaged in weaving souvenir pictures. The most noteworthy is one automatically weaving at one operation sixteen separate silk souvenir picture-ribbons. All the textile industries have become to a large extent automatic, the continuity of the processes lending themselves readily to this development. Knitting machines are a familiar example of this.

Counting machines are another instance of the way in which mechanical thinking machines are coming to the assistance of the human brain. They are an old invention, but they are gradually being made very handy and compact, and they are coming into extensive use in consequence. There are several shown at the Pan-American, including one little machine that can be carried in a coat pocket. It will add, subtract, multiply, divide—in fact, it will think arithmetically far better and quicker than the average human being.



AUTOMATIC MACHINE FOR ENGRAVING A PRINTING PLATE DIRECT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN A FEW MINUTES.

GIANT PLANES. LOGS UNROLLED INTO VENEERS AS EASILY AS WE UNROLL A CARPET.

Leaving automatic machines and turning to other branches of machine industry, it is notable how the urgent demand for the saving of time is leading to the construction of big, powerful machines taking very heavy "cuts"—machines that are capable of ploughing off strips nearly half an inch square from heavy iron castings. One great planer is shown which takes from an iron casting a shaving or veneer a foot wide and more than one-sixteenth of an inch thick. These iron shavings curl up into rolls weighing six or seven pounds each.

An altogether different invention, in this case for taking heavy shavings from wood, is a rotary acting veneer machine, which actually *unrolls* a log of wood into a long

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Arthur Hewitt.

MAIN UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT NIGHT.

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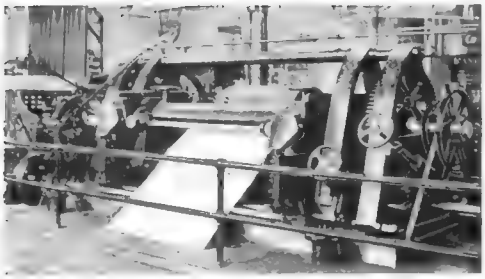

AUTOMATIC MACHINE FOR UNROLLING A LOG OF WOOD LIKE A ROLL OF PAPER. SEVERAL FEET OF THE UNROLLED SHEET OF WOOD PROJECT FROM THE MACHINE.

TWO BROWNE-SHARP MACHINES FOR MEASURING TO ONE HUNDREDTH PART OF ONE THOUSANDTH OF AN INCH, OR ONE HUNDRED TIMES THINNER THAN A SHEET OF TISSUE PAPER.

sheet of veneer in the same way as one would unroll a carpet or a roll of paper. A sharp knife presses against the side of a round log of wood, and as the log turns it is gradually sliced into a veneer fifty or one hundred yards long. There are no shavings, no sawdust, no waste. The wooden sheets made in this way are used for a great variety of purposes, the most familiar being fruit baskets.

A MEASURING MACHINE THAT CAN "SPLIT HAIRS."

It has not been possible in this article to refer to more than a few of the very remarkable machines now in the service of man. It has been impossible, for instance, to touch upon the punching and stamping machines so widely used in modern industry, and the invaluable emery grinding machines which have enabled ordinary commercial machine tools to be made with an accuracy that would have seemed ridiculous fifty years ago. One illustration of this extreme accuracy of modern engineering is supplied by a Brown & Sharpe measuring machine exhibited in the Machinery Building. Machinists at the present day habitually work to one thousandth of an inch; that is to say, about half the thickness of an average hair from a man's head. No machinist can get employment nowadays in a good factory unless he possesses a micrometer gauge measuring to one thousandth of an inch. The Brown & Sharpe machine at the Pan-American measures accurately to one hundred-thousandth of an inch, or less than one hundredth part of the thickness of a single hair from the head of little Esquimaux Nancy.

THREE MODERN CAR-MOTORS.

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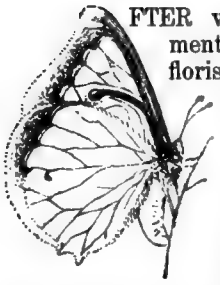
Arthur Hewitt.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FLOWER GARDENS, WITH HORTICULTURE BUILDING TO THE RIGHT.

THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITS AT BUFFALO.

By Frederic W. Taylor,

Superintendent of Horticulture.



AFTER visiting the establishments of nurserymen and florists, to purchase from catalogues such plants as may be needed to work out certain effects requires skill and judgment. To approach the best growers and specialists in every department and secure from each the cream of his assortment, so placing it that it is not simply a separate exhibit, but part of a thoroughly planned and beautiful whole, was the problem presented to the managers of the Horticultural Exhibits of the Pan-American Exposition. The area devoted to the main out-door horticulture exhibit is about twenty acres, supplemented by considerable areas inside the canal and adjacent to, or near, the Horticulture Building. For the aquatics there are two large basins and any number of ponds, lakelets formed by enlargements of the canal, and lagoons or bayous.

The large tract first mentioned is so situated that the visitors entering by the Elmwood gate must pass through at least a portion of the floral exhibits, for nearly or quite half the entire number of admissions were later registered at this gate, so that those who saw these exhibits as the season advanced were very many indeed.

None of the large buildings of the Exposition are upon, or adjacent to, this tract. The Woman's Building, which is a transformed club house, is the only building it was necessary to consider in the treatment.

TULIPS.

On the north the boundary is the canal, down to the very edge of which, and even into it, the planting is carried. A great part of the bedding depends for its effectiveness upon the massing of large quantities of single varieties. It is doubtful whether there was ever seen in America a finer and more beautiful tulip show than resulted

C. I. Taylor.

AQUATICS BACKED BY NATURAL WOODS.

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Arthur Hewitt.

A CULTIVATED ISLAND ON MIRROR LAKE. THE CHOICEST BIT OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING AT THE FAIR.

from the carefully planned plantings made in the autumn of 1900. It is always an unfortunate fact that the attendance at Expositions in the early days is so light as to bring the tulips to the attention of few eyes. Those who saw the Pan-Ameri-

Arthur Hewitt.

THE FLOWER GARDENS.

can show must surely have felt repaid for even a long trip.

ROSES.

A bed of Crimson Rambler Roses, planted in the fall of 1900, was one of the most satisfactory and showy features of the bedding. The plants of this exhibit were graded in size from low bushes at the border, to strong standards four feet high in the centre. At blooming time the conditions were perfect, and the best known rose-growers of the country were warm in their expressions of satisfaction and surprise at the splendid results produced. By careful estimate there were not less than 300,000 blooms in full flower when the bed was at its best.

Arthur Hewitt.

THE GARDENS, SEEN FROM THE WOMAN'S BUILDING. THE HORTICULTURE AND GRAPHIC ARTS BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND.

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VIEW FROM MIRROR LAKE, SHOWING THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AND THE OHIO STATE BUILDINGS.

EVERGREENS.

It requires study as well as great resources to bring together nearly a hundred species of Evergreen trees, but it has been done here by a single firm, making a collection worthy of any arboretum, and presenting opportunities for study and comparison not often found. The number of species of pines, spruces, firs, and other Evergreens also, will surprise many.

CANNAS.

There are shown about ten thousand Cannas, occupying thirty-five different beds, most of the best old varieties being represented as well as many new ones; some of which have not yet been disseminated. A bed of "Black Beauty," with a border of "McKinley," a dwarf, bright scarlet, is one of the handsomest displays on the grounds. "David Harum" has a fine bronze leaf,

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TOWERS OF THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE, AND LANDSCAPE GARDEN. VIEW FROM THE MINES BUILDING.

Arthur Hewitt.

THE GARDENS, LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM THE WOMAN'S BUILDING TOWARDS THE HORTICULTURE AND GRAPHIC ARTS BUILDINGS.

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MR. ROTH'S "THE CHARIOT RACE," SURROUNDED BY BAY TREES AND HYDRANGEAS. *Chas. I. Taylor.*

Arthur Hewitt.

MR. ELWELL'S "KRONOS."

One of the two figures on either side of the Fountain of Nature, in the court in front of the Horticulture Building.

with an orange-scarlet flower; while "Garret A. Hobart" has a bright green leaf, with a splendid scarlet truss. "Buttercup" is a beautiful yellow, "Victory" a splendid orange-yellow—all new creations.

DELPHINIUMS, PANSIES, VERBENAS, GERANIUMS, ALTHEAS.

A bed of new hybrid Delphiniums was very much admired. Pansies were represented by about a dozen beds, and an immense bed of Verbenas attracted universal attention. About half-a-dozen new varieties of Geraniums, as well as several of the old standard varieties, occupy beds. Two dwarf varieties, which are likely to be in great demand soon, are "Dryden" and "America." Of the larger growing varieties, there are "Le Soleil," a magnificent scarlet, and "Pasteur," an orange-scarlet. A bed of the new hardy Altheas, con-

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IN THE GARDENS OF THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION. OLD-FASHIONED PERENNIALS, BAYS, AND CANNAS.

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Arthur Hewitt.

THE HORTICULTURE BUILDING AND THE FOUNTAIN OF NATURE.

Sedges and aquatics in the foreground.

taining over twenty varieties is interesting, while Hardy Phlox are shown by several firms in over fifty varieties.

HERBACEOUS PLANTS.

The display of herbaceous plants is very extensive, and includes nearly all the desirable representatives of this class. They occupy beds near the margins of the grounds.

A SPLENDID DISPLAY OF WATER-LILIES.

The displays of Water-lilies are perhaps the largest ever made. The Victoria basin,

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125 feet in diameter, contains two plants of Victoria Regia and two plants of Trickerii, besides twenty-six plants of exotic Nymphæas. In the cool basin of the same size there are three groups of Nelumbiums of different species, and twenty-four groups of Nymphæas, among the latter being several varieties that have not yet been sent out. In the several groups of hardy Nymphæas which border the east and west Mirror Lakes are fifteen hundred plants, which have been in holiday attire since July 1, and which include all the well-known as well as the choicest varieties. Many of these Nymphæas are hybrids raised by a famous aquatic expert of Philadelphia.

OVER TWO HUNDRED BEDS OF FLOWERS.

Exclusive of the Water-lilies, there are about two hundred beds devoted to exhibits, varying in size from 100 square feet to 6,000 square feet, and embracing exhibits of about fifty of the leading horticultural firms of the country.

Janette C. Otto.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ABUNDANCE.

BEDS OF GRASS.

The splendid piece of statuary, "The Chariot Race," by Roth, needed a fit set-

Chas. I. Taylor.

ANOTHER VIEW OF MR. ROTH'S "THE CHARIOT RACE," NEAR THE ELMWOOD GATE.

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Chas. I. Taylor.

IN THE GARDENS OF THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION. PERENNIAL PHLOX.

ting, and this was given by surrounding it with Bay Trees and Hydrangeas. The fountain was placed in the hands of a single exhibitor who, in conjunction with the department, worked out a scheme which is at once simple and striking. Grass would not be considered a promising subject to work into presentable shape as an extra ornament to a lawn, except as one occasionally sees pampas grass used in that way, but one bed, skilfully arranged as to the relations of the colors and sizes of the various species used, is as artistic, beautiful, and graceful as can well be imagined.

Chas. I. Taylor.

MEXICAN CACTI, WITH THE MINES BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND.

OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS.

The return to an appreciation of the simple but extremely effective and decorative flowers and garden plants of our grandmothers is illustrated by two great beds made up of a carefully studied grouping of Anemones, Rudbeckias, Campanulas, Sedums, Coreopsis, Plumbagos, Lobelia Cardinalis, Pentstemons, Salvias, Veronicas, and a score more equally simple old-fashioned things, delightful in their simplicity and freedom from the flaring colors and gaudy general appearance of too many of the more recent candidates for popular favor.

CACTI.

Pan-America is the home of the entire family of Cacti, and of course these inter-

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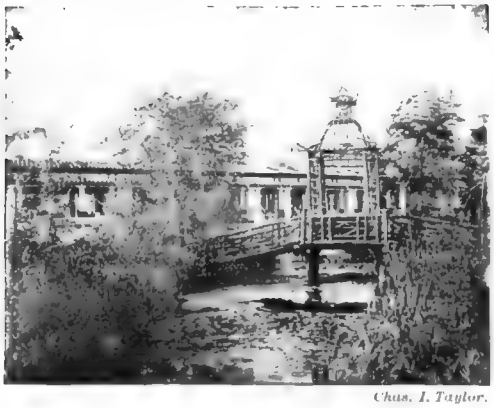
Chas. I. Taylor.

CARPET BEDDING IN THE ESPLANADE, WITH ETHNOLOGY AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND.

Chas. I. Taylor.

INLET WITH RUSTIC ARBOR, SOUTH OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



Chas. I. Taylor.

A RUSTIC BIT NEAR ONE OF THE PERGOLAS USED TO CONNECT THE DIFFERENT BUILDINGS.

Chas. I. Taylor.

AN INLET FROM THE CANAL, PLANTED WITH AQUATICS, SEDGES, ETC.

Chas. I. Taylor.

A BED OF BEARING PINEAPPLES IN THE SOUTH CONSERVATORY.

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A BED OF SINGLE PETUNIAS.

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IN THE GARDENS OF THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION. ANOTHER BED OF YOUNG CANNAS.

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Chas. I. Taylor.

A FORMAL BORDER OF LOMBARDY POPLARS ON THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS.

To the right is seen a corner of the Stadium.

esting plants should be shown in quantity and in variety. The entire opportunity for showing this group was left in the hands of an exhibitor from Mexico, who has worked out an arrangement and a grouping at once striking and instructive. Nearly fifty varieties are shown properly labelled and grouped.

FOOD-BEARING PLANTS.

The exhibit of live plants of special interest because of their production of some form of food or spices, received most careful consideration and is a surprise to many. Among the varieties shown are Tea plants, Coffee trees, Vanilla vines, Pimento shrubs, Pineapple plants, Cocoanut trees, Bananas, and many more.

CONCERNING FLOWER SHOWS.

Perhaps the most pleasing and popular features of all were the flower shows. The season was so late and irregular that no one flower came in on time, so that instead of a single flower having everything its own way for a few days, to be followed in turn by another which would have no competitor, there were usually parts of two flower shows going on at once. Thus the Carnations reached over into the time alotted to the Sweet Peas, which in their turn divided honors with their successor, the Gladioli.

It was a graceful tribute to the popularity of Horticulture which prompted the selection of the Horticulture building to fill the post of honor, directly opposite the main Government building, and those having in charge the selection and distribution of the exhibits felt at all times that they had no easy task before them in working out a scheme that should be in harmony with the surroundings, and that should not suffer by comparison with the architectural and electrical effects which were planned to excel anything in their respective lines ever produced.

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EXHIBITS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

By Frederick W. Taylor,

Director of Concessions at the Pan-American Exposition.

Arthur Hewitt.

"VENUS."

Circle of Shrines, West Esplanade.

THE organization and bringing together of the features now known under the generic name "Midway," for the amusement, edification, and instruction of the public, has become so great a factor in Expositions that nowadays that Department is considered one of the most important, and requires many months of strenuous labor in order that satisfactory results may be worked out. Take the most recent case in point as an instance: at the Pan-American Exposition the Concessions Department was created and the Director put in charge of its work only a month less than two years before May 1, 1901, the date set for the opening of the Exposition.

If you ask, "Whence come all the varied and wonderful things to be seen in the Amusement Department?" the reply will be, "They were chosen by means of a most careful selection from over five thousand that were offered."

Five thousand applications for concessions, mostly from cranks, furnish an assortment of suggestions which, were it attempted to carry them out, would surely land the experimenter in a retreat designed for the mentally unbalanced, or, more properly, overbalanced.

A RAINBOW OF FAST COLORS.

It was early decided to call the Exposition the "Rainbow City," and an early mail brought a proposition to erect a genuine live amateur rainbow, four hundred feet high in the middle and half a mile long. It was explained that cars could be run over the bow, making it productive of revenue, as well as a thing of beauty. The construction was to be of steel throughout. It was not explained whether it was to be suspended in its proper place in the firmament by means of balloons, nor was it made clear how the wind pressure was to be met and tamed. In fact, the projector looked upon questions which evinced such a lack of poetry and soul as little less than impertinent.

SOME IDEAS CONCERNING HEAVEN AND HELL.

Another scheme presented in those early days came from a resident of that good old-fashioned and substantial portion of the

Janette C. Otto.

AN ALLEGORICAL FIGURE.

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THE MINES BUILDING.

Aquatics in the foreground.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF NATURE. EVENING.

In front of the Horticulture Building.

world known as Canada. His scheme would probably be classed as "Religio-Educational." It contemplated the establishment of a large series of caverns, preferably underground, away from the glare and frivolity of the shallow surface-attractions. In this subterranean retreat, with surroundings in every way worked out along strictly realistic lines, were to be separate rooms, each bearing over its door the legend, "Hell according to the ideas of the Rev. Dr. So-and-So." This would give the painstaking and conscientious student of creeds the first earthly opportunity to see in a leisurely manner what the Rev. Father Patrick of the Roman Catholic Church saw in store for wanderers from the path of rectitude. Across the hall would be the Rev. Dr. Brown's rendering of the same theme from the Presbyterian point of view. Each important denomination was to be given an opportunity to present a demonstration of its special claims for consideration, from the viewpoint of its most eminent divine. It was even claimed that numerous D.Ds. had been approached and had expressed themselves as entranced with the idea, and willing to furnish the material for their respective denominational exhibits. A perverse and unsympathetic Director, backed up by a Committee little in touch with the newest and most advanced methods of expressing religious convictions, declined to admit this graphic and instructive picture.

A UNIQUE BARBER SHOP.

One of the applicants for a barber shop proposed to charge for hair-cuts as follows: full cut, twenty cents; half cut, ten cents; fringe, five cents, thus giving to the bald or partially bald an advantage which might in some degree counterbalance their affliction.

AROUND ROBIN HOOD'S BARN.

Ohio of course supplied its full quota of patrons willing to serve their fellow-citizens in various capacities. One of these addressed a letter to His Excellency, the President of the United States,

FIGURE OF MOOSE, BY H. M. SHRADY.

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Arthur Hewitt.

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

By Augustus St. Gaudens.

asking that he use his influence in securing for the aforesaid patriot the right to sell Buckeyes in the Ohio Building. The President referred the letter to the Director-General of the Exposition, who referred it to the Director of Concessions, who consulted with his Committee, and then referred it to the Chairman of the State Commission. It is not on record whether the Governor, Senators, and Representatives in Congress from Ohio were consulted, but in due time an intimation was given that there was no official objection to the sale of the well-known emblems of that great commonwealth in the Ohio Building, and the necessary arrangements were accordingly made.

SQUASHES, HOGS, AND CHICKENS.

An Iowa contribution to the offers of the strange and marvellous consists of a "petrified squash weighing fifty pounds," while Illinois offers "the largest hog in the world, mounted." Whether gold-mounted or silver-mounted, is not stated.

Another Western State supplies the following:

"I wish to ask a favor of you and as I am an invalid and haft to go on a rowling chair to make my living and as I have a 4 leged little chicken I want to know if you will allow me the free privilege to come and make what I can at your fair, if you will not allow me to do so will you take my 4 leged little chicken and make what you can for me in a sid exhibit."

A NATIONAL PUZZLE.

A gentleman representing varied interests wrote that he owned three papers in which he would thoroughly advertise the Exposition, provided he could have space on which to exhibit the best artificial leg ever invented, and a register in which to enter the name of every one-legged visitor. To make good count he also wanted to show and sell a national puzzle, whatever that may be.

A MYSTERIOUS DOLL.

Ladies sometimes have designs upon Expositions, as witness the following extract *verbatim, literatim et punctatim:*

"As I have a lady hear in my Studio that makes dolls by modeling and has good reference from people all over the U. S. for her grate work of them and orders also from difference parts of the wourld to make them. She has some process of her own to meke them and she claims that no other person knows how she makes them and she is very anxious to have me send one to your Exposition and I am very anxious to have her to have them their too would ask you what arrangement we could make to have one their on exposition and what it would cost me to have it their. The doll is one of her own make and her own idea of her own and she told me that it is the only one of the kind made."

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MR. BAYLE'S "SAVAGE AGE IN THE EAST."

One of the four groups representing the "Races of Man."

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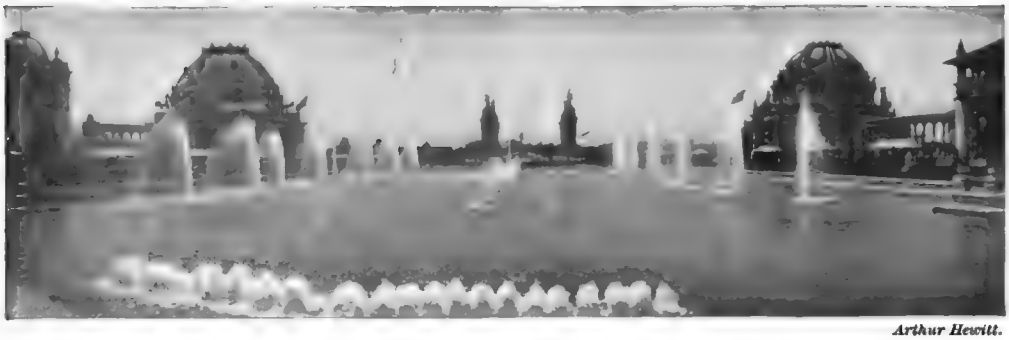

Arthur Hewitt.

THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS, LOOKING SOUTH TOWARDS THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE.

The fountains commencing to play.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

In this world, composed largely of separations from what you most love, it is quite natural that persons may desire to meet long-lost friends. In the following cordial language one affectionate brother touchingly asks for information regarding a long-lost friend. For obvious reasons we withhold the names of both of these gentlemen.

"Will you please let me know if there is a certain old fakir calling himself ——— in any medicine, show case or show business on the midway or elsewhere at the Exposition. He is an old gambler, dead beat and swindler. His picture is in the Rogue's Gallery here, and he is wanted on several warrants by the Central Detective office ———. The old "fake" ran away with all my property and several hundred dollars in money. He is about 65, tall and scragly, blue eyes, side whiskers, dresses flashy, parts his hair in the middle. He is an all around crook. Please notify chief of police."

Arthur Hewitt.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND THE OHIO STATE BUILDING.

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CANAL SCENE SHOWING "PERGOLA" AND THE TOWERS OF THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE.

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THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS.

The Machinery Building and Temple of Music on the right; the Liberal Arts and Ethnology Buildings on the left.

AN INTERESTING GALLERY OF "FREAKS."

The five thousand and more requests for concessions covered 652 subjects. Some

African Jungle,
Belgian Devil,
Chiropody,
Destruction of the Maine,
English Transformation,
Florida Everglade,
Giantess,
Hamburger Baby Farm,
Incubator,

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LOOKING NORTHWEST.

From right to left: the Ethnology and Liberal Arts Buildings, the Electric Tower and Court of Fountains, the Machinery Building, the Temple of Music in the centre, the Graphic Arts, and the Horticulture Building.

of these were rather unexpected. One name chosen from the list under each letter may be of interest as showing the cosmopolitanism of the whole:

Jinriksha,
Kit Carson's Last Trail,
Log Rollers,
Mareorama,
Natatorium,
Old Paris,
Panodrome,
Quartz Crystals,
Reptiles,
Sausages,

Arthur Hewitt.

PANORAMIC VIEW LOOKING NORTHEAST.

In the centre, the Ethnology Building; to the left, in the distance, the Electric Tower; to the right, the United States Government Building.

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LOOKING ACROSS THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS.

The Temple of Music and Machinery Building on the right; the Ethnology Building on the left.

Topsy-Turvy House,
Unicycle,
Vesuvius,
Wire Worker.

The office of the Director of Concessions contains a fairly good museum collection of the models or pictures of the things offered or suggested for use as concessions. There are seven different tops, three kinds of clock dials with wide variations from the one in general use—one intended to provide for a twenty-four-hour indication in one revolution of the hour-hand, another having no hands and a revolving dial and an indicator at the top, while the third contemplates the use of one hand only.

There are crystals from Colorado which the sender wished to make into a South Dakota Crystal Cave. A crayon sketch of a fisherman sitting on a post, with underneath the legend, "Do not keep me on the post unless I am to catch the fish," is supplied by an anxious searcher after a concession.

There is a clock having for a dial a plate

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THE ETHNOLOGY BUILDING AND UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING, FROM MIRROR LAKE.

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PILLARED "PERGOLA" FACING MIRROR LAKE.

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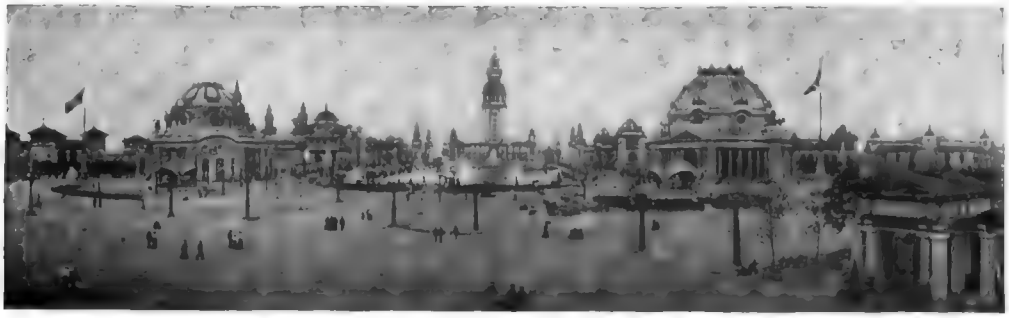
Arthur Hewitt.

PANORAMIC VIEW, LOOKING NORTH TOWARDS THE ELECTRIC TOWER, SHOWING THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC AND ETHNOLOGY BUILDING.

around the edge of which are the coats of arms of all the American republics, and instead of figures the letters from the word "Pan-American," with an additional one for good count.

were weird and peculiar. One was to erect a buffalo two hundred feet in height, and with room among his vital organs for a restaurant-service for thousands, on various floors. The beautiful effects were to be



Arthur Hewitt.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME.

THE EXPOSITION MISUNDERSTOOD.

The story became current that some great freak was wanted to properly accentuate the concessions portion of the Exposition. Some of the offerings under this supposition

supplemented by electric searchlights of a few million candle-power from each eye, with which a newspaper could be read at midnight in Quebec, El Paso, or on the Minnecadusah.

Another, which was also a startling inno-

Arthur Hewitt.

GARDENS WEST OF "WOMAN'S BUILDING," SHOWING "THE CHARIOT RACE," BY F. G. ROTH.

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vation in its way, proposed a gigantic water-craft of uncertain nomenclature, which was to convey a thousand passengers at a time from Niagara Falls to the nearest point on the Niagara River to the Exposition grounds, whence the amphibious craft would mount on wheels, artfully concealed up to this moment, along tracks laid for that special quire a very large outlay of money. The applicant cheerfully replied that he had ample "backing," and could readily raise seven or eight thousand dollars. The humor of this becomes quite apparent when it is remembered that several of the amusement features have an investment of from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars each,

Arthur Hewitt.

THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS.

In the left foreground is the Liberal Arts Building; behind this the Ethnology Building.

use to the grounds, which would be majestically entered and the human freight discharged.

A MIDWAY FOR SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Nearly a year after the Concessions Office had been established, and after the largest concessions had for the most part been granted, a letter was received from another New York State city asking, "Can I arrange with you for placing a first-class Midway on your grounds?" The Director replied that it was not expected that one man or firm would be able to handle the entire amusement section, as to do so would require a very large outlay of money. The applicant cheerfully replied that he had ample "backing," and could readily raise seven or eight thousand dollars. The humor of this becomes quite apparent when it is remembered that several of the amusement features have an investment of from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars each, the whole series having a value little, if any, short of two million dollars.

A CANDID FRIEND.

A thrifty New England gentleman sees a way to turn an honest penny as follows:

"I am convinced we can make money by purchasing a set of views and giving a lecture not in favor of, but telling the people facts about these Expositions and their money being squandered in the manner it is. Of course it is time a halt was called, as some of our *senators declare*, and the people are in touch with such a halt, and there is just one thing prevents our lecturing along that line from now to November 1st. However, we are not fully decided yet we will talk to several *thousand* people a week, and you can depend

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on one thing, we would save to the people a great many *more* thousands of dollars, of course you know this as well as I do, if you do not you travel with me one week and you would then know it. I am willing to do the fair thing if I am treated as I should be, considering my position to do good work for the Pan-American Co."

NO MORE DEATHS, AND YET A NEW SCHEME FOR DEATHS DISPOSAL.

A grave proposition was the one from the representative of a syndicate, as yet not organized, who desired to show a full working-model of a scheme for disposing of human bodies by dessication instead of burial or cremation.

The man who had for sale a recipe for a beverage which promoted health in the human user, but put to instant death the microbes of all known diseases, thus rendering the drinker immune, and in the enjoyment of health and strength sufficient to enable him to study the exhibits by day and the Midway by night, called early and offered his secret for sale, cheap.

EGGS AS ADVERTISING MEDIUMS.

To the Advertising Department was referred the proposition to secure the coöperation of all the egg dealers in the United States, in providing that every egg offered for sale in the entire country should be carefully marked with a rubber stamp "Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901."

Arthur Hewitt.

THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS.

The Temple of Music and a part of the Machinery Building on the right.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

A feature proposed by a New Yorker offered food for thought and an excellent way to spend money. It was to construct a "Babylonian Hanging Garden," 150 feet square and 150 feet high.

Towers and globes without number are always promptly offered to an exposition, or rather schemes contemplating their erec-

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Arthur Hewitt.

LOOKING ACROSS THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS.

United States Government Building and Ethnology Building.

tion at the expense of the exposition are presented.

Occasionally one of these suggestions presents some novel features of real worth, but for the most part they simply propose some slight variation from conventional forms.

LOG ROLLING DEMONSTRATED.

A Michigan lumberman desired to secure ground on which to erect a chute to illustrate "log rolling" in all its varied phases. It was feared that should this concession be granted a misunderstanding might result, and the authorities be accused of having entered into politics.

OVER THE WALLS OF THE EXPOSITION.

A far-reaching proposition suggested that a great derrick be constructed from Prospect Point at Niagara Falls, which should convey people out into mid-air and then lower them, just clear of the falling water, to the lower level of the river. Some special arrangement was asked under which the daring derrick-traveller might receive a coupon granting a special reduced rate of admission to the Exposition.

A CHINESE PUZZLE.

As an illustration of English as viewed from a Chinese standpoint, the following telegram is specially lucid:

"The Concession of Buffalo of Pan-American exposition which for chinese I do not want it."

For a year before the opening of the Exposition the Director of Concessions saw on an average over fifty people a day, his negotiations being conducted continuously from nine in the morning until six at night, a cup of tea and a sandwich at his desk answering instead of a midday meal. Each day brought its own assortment of people, schemes, and correspondence.

But enough illustrations have certainly been given to show something of the vagaries of the human mind, as well as to indicate that the Concessions Department had occasional opportunities to smile both during and between work hours.

Arthur Hewitt.

TOWERS OF THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE.

View from Mirror Lake.

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CANAL SCENE, LOOKING WEST.

United States Government Building in the distance.

Arthur Hewitt.

THREE PILGRIMS AT THE "PAN."

By Holman F. Day.

A mile and a half of ker-whango and clash—
  That is the Midway show;
Megaphone solos and linguistic hash,
  All in a double row.
With yowl of the hugag and pom-pom of drum
Each barker is coaxing the people to come,
With the claim he's "the only"—the others are
  "bum,"
Then you pay to find out if it's so.
  —*From a Lyric by the Fat Bard.*

THE Fat Bard has money. Recklessly he wanted to buy tickets for every show on the Pan-American Exposition grounds. The Doctor has money also. But the Doctor always hooks on his mental life-preserver when he takes his purse in his hand. The Fat Bard, who, by the way, writes verse only to advertise his apothecary business, satirically says of the Doctor that he is like a hen. So long as a hen sits down on the roost she can't unclasp her hookers. The Fat Bard asserts that the Doctor roosted on his wallet most of the time at the exposition. On the other hand, the Fat Bard spent money at the show in places where he now wishes he hadn't. But he isn't lonesome. Up to date he has heard from some two millions of other men who did the same. Therefore the Fat Bard proposes to organize a new secret society to be called "The Amalgamated Order of the Touched." "Think of the fellow-feeling to start with!" says the Fat Bard.

The first show the Fat Bard wanted to patronize was the one whose barker makes stock-in-trade of the fact that it was closed down by the fair management at one time in order that the bearings might cool off. The Doctor objected to stopping, however, on the ground that a ladies' matinée seemed to be going on there. He didn't want to

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be the only man in the audience. He felt that the situation might be embarrassing. So we halted further down. The barker hitched at his shirt-sleeves and swept his audience with compassionate gaze. "Oh, good people," he cried, his voice vibrating with sympathy, "are you tired of being fooled? Are you wondering, gentle ladies and long-suffering men, if there really is one honest show on the Midway? Then have-a-look, have-a-look, have-a-look! Here is what you are hunting for. Twist your gristle this way. You've found it at last. They all go in cheerful and come out——"

"Madder'n thunder," yapped a man who was marshalling two women and a boy through a turnstile marked "Exit."

The barker grabbed his megaphone. "The gent there just comin' out states that this show is a wonder. That's what they all say. Crowned heads and bald heads and heads of families all commend it."

The patron now indicated that he proposed to start a joint debate on the subject. But the barker pointed his megaphone at the objector and deluged him with a series of "Wah hoos!" and "Come all you good people."

"What's the trouble with that show?"

Arthur Hewitt.

A CAIRENE BEAUTY.

Arthur Hewitt.

AN ARAB CHIEF AT THE "MIDWAY."

asked the Doctor as the man hunched past us, opening a lane for his little flock.

"You see what they advertise," he yelled, shaking a stubbed finger at the great sign, "A Scoot to Mars."

"We behold."

"Well, they don't go near Mars."

"What-t-t!—and we getting ready to pay out our good money?" gasped the Doctor.

"Naw, they don't go near anything. It's jest an infernal fake. You jest sit on a chair and see scenery wiggle 'round."

"Is the scenery well oiled?" asked the Doctor.

"Naw, it yawls like a—like a cattypult," jeered the man.

"Wouldn't that toss you, now?" murmured the Doctor sadly. "Think of deceiving the people and taking their money, and then not going near Mars." The Doctor looked at the barker severely and said, "I'Marstonished that you should planet so as to fool the public."

But as the barker was a rude person, with the advantage of a megaphone in a forensic contest, we passed on and carried off the Doctor. He owned up later that the man with the family was a little too literal and prosaic in his notions to really enjoy the Midway, though the Doctor didn't uphold the

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Arthur Hewitt.

THE ELECTRIC TOWER BY DAYLIGHT.

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management of that show in refusing to take a man to Mars when he had paid his fare.

"As for me," said the Doctor, "I don't expect too much for a quarter—and I like surprises. I paid my only quarter once when I was a boy to see the horse with his head where his tail ought to be, and found him end for end in his stall. I was perfectly satisfied, because I was so surprised. These literal folks don't have a good time at a fair. I was watching some women over at the Indian village. They were holding their skirts daintily away and were peering into greasy old kettles that some squaws were stirring.

"'Isn't it awful to be obliged to eat that sculch?' said the fair pale-faces.

"Five minutes later the women were angry because the Indians were eating dinners sent in from a restaurant. The visitors declared that it spoiled the realism to find that the Indians were not eating the food they cooked themselves."

"Reminds me of the time I inquired for the proprietor of a restaurant," said the Fat Bard, "and the girl at the counter told me he had gone down town to eat his dinner."

The Doctor's self-possession was jarred just then. A dozen Mexicans came galloping out on bronchos from the Streets of Mexico, discharged their carbines into the air and galloped back. We could determine how greatly the Doctor was jarred by the fact he invited us to see the bull-fight at his expense. It costs seventy-five cents to see toros annoyed. 'Tis twenty-five cents to enter the Streets, and fifty more to behold the bull-fight, which is inside the inside. These inner circles of the Midway constitute the delicate "touch" of the exposition. Humanity once started feels like the mule with the cabbage dangling before his nose—must keep a-going. There is in each show something just inside the inside that appears as though it must be the most delectable of all. The first quarter puts the victim's foot in the quicksand—human nature does the rest. Some men come home from Buffalo and say they did the

Chas. I. Taylor.

A PICTURESQUE SPOT AT THE PAN-AMERICAN FAIR; FACING THE EVENING SUN.

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Arthur Hewitt.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

Looking along the Canal towards the towers of the Triumphal Bridge, the spires of the Horticulture Building rising in the distance.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF ABUNDANCE. THE MINES BUILDING AND THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC TO THE RIGHT.

Arthur Hewitt.

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Midway for twelve dollars, but the inquisitive man who happens to have the change with him pays sixty-eight dollars. The Fat Bard whittled a few lines on the subject, and as they contain a valuable tip for the hungry man who is busted at the fair, I pin the lyric gem on here:

When Cephas did the fair he lunched a while on air,
For the Midway took his pocket-book, and stripped it, hide and hair.
He'd heard twelve plunks or so would pay for the Midway show,
But every snide had one inside, then more inside, you know.
And the farther in he went, it seemed each barking "gent"
Must not be skipped, so Cephas dripped till he dropped the last red cent;
He dropped the last, lone cent, with a bitter, wrenching pang,
For a seat to see Petite Paree kick hats in the rinkty-whang.
'Twas a dollar to view that show, and in order to make the sum,
He punched the cents from his souvenirs of stamped aluminum.
Then after the dance was done, he blinked in the garish sun,
And he hadn't the price of a popcorn ball or a wiener wurst or bun.
The sides of his wallet rubbed, and the walls of his stomach, too,
And he lunched on air, and he derned the fair, and was blue—blue—blue!
As he looked at the big lagoon, he decided that pretty soon
He would drown his woes, or pawn his clothes, for a drop from the great balloon.
And every time he sighed a section caved inside,
For the Erie air would not stay down, no matter how he tried.
And he yearned and yearned for wings, for he pondered that he would fly,
And light at home on the woodshed roof and howl for a piece of pie.
Then without a thought or care as to why he went or where,
He found himself in the Liberal Arts—and things were doing there!
For lo! in scores of booths were girls in serried ranks,
Who were handing forth all kinds of food for just a word of thanks.
And everywhere he strayed, a winsome, coaxing maid
Stuck out her treat of a thing to eat, and for attention prayed.
There was Aunt Jemima's cake and jellied hocks and steak,
Chicken loaf and potted veal and shredded cod and hake.
There were tissue foods and oats and evaporated clams,
And hot beef tea and cold canned eggs and pickled things and jams.
There were honey-dew mince pie and malted milk and cheese
And lactatine and cottolene and double-barrelled peas.
There were babies' foods to drink and babies' food to eat—
He gulped them all—he was feeling small since he left the Midway street.
There were edibles right and left—there were edibles north and south,
So Cephas did as he was bid and opened his barn-door mouth.
He bit at every bait, and ate and ate and ate,
And every day he came that way and stayed there pretty late.
The stuff that he couldn't eat, when he'd satisfied his want,
He lugged outside and sunk his pride and started a restaurant.
And, struck by his honest phiz which all could see was his,
The hungry bought the stuff he'd caught and he did all kinds of biz.
Then down in his humble jeans he tucked a tidy wad,
And clutching a roll to cheer one's soul went home to till the sod.

Hic docet, gentle friends, that Virtue often sends
Strange aids to help her chosen ones and justify her ends.
Yet to show that she'll repay the chaps who get too gay
She has twisted Cephas in granny-knots with chronic dys-pep-si-a.
And I also must admit I'm twisted a little bit—
You must figure the moral to suit yourselves; is Cephas It or Nit?

While we were still discussing the question whether the opulent dyspeptic has as much fun in life as the hungry hobo, the Doctor steered us gently to the bull-pen.

"The romance of a bull-fight appeals to me," he said soulfully. "I have yearned from boyhood days to behold a bull-fight."

"You always were a bloody brute," sneered the Fat Bard. "You used to dissect cats."

The Doctor continued, "I long to see toros pawing the dust of the arena, and boring holes in the sod with the snortings from his distended nostrils."

"By the muses," quoth the Fat Bard, "it's a ten-to-one shot that toros doesn't snuff hard enough in this fight to blow the collar off a glass of beer."

The Doctor minded him not, but said, "I want to see picador, toreador, and matador vault lightly from before the tempestuous onrush. I yearn to see them pin their banners to toros' quivering flanks while the multitude thunders acclaim"—and then amidst the fanfare of the trumps the bull entered. He was an absent-minded, one-story bull. The concourse of matadors and toreadors and such-like whooped at him.

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'Twas a wonderful exhibition of clothes and rough riding.

"Gee," exclaimed the Fat Bard, "they all look like face cards down yonder. But if they keep shuffling the deck so hard we can't keep our eye on the little ace there."

The trumps sounded again. The bull looked listlessly at the press surrounding him. He took about the same interest a park policeman would display in the antics of school children—so long as they kept off the grass. The trumps sounded again.

"They'd better make clubs trumps," said the Fat Bard, "and then they might get toros into the game."

"Isn't that a grand spectacle?" breathed the Doctor. "Those brilliant costumes, those lithe forms, the bull at bay, and over all the sunshine! Ah, he moves—the bull moves!"

Toros lowered his head. Then he stuck forward his left hind hoof, twisted his neck, and gave his ear a long and vigorous scratching. After that exercise he shook himself, pulled down his vest, so to speak, yawned, and commenced snuffing inquiringly and droolingly at a paper bag that had contained salted peanuts. The Fat Bard removed his cigar and said gently:

"This fair and peaceful scene reminds me of the beautiful verse of Dr. Watts, so familiar to us all." The Fat Bard paused a moment, subdued by the sense of peace, and then repeated:

Arthur Hewitt.

ANOTHER ARAB CHIEF FROM THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

"'Daniel was cast in the lion's den,
The lion no bigger'n a spaniel;
Daniel feared naught from the lion, nor did
The lion give a whang for Daniel.'"

At this juncture several eminent bull-fighters inserted some cold steel in the haunches of toros. He glanced around inquiringly to see if the rude persons really meant it. They did it again, and so, muttering hoarse protest, he trotted off. The Fat Bard again quoted — this time from James Russell Lowell, so he said:

"'The little black bull came up from Texas,
Shang, roang ho, hey!
Says he, "Keep off and don't ye vex us,"
Shang, roang ho, hey!
What makes him run so salutatious?
He doesn't like the "push," by gracious,
Shang, roang ho, hey!'"

The Doctor rose in wrath and led the way forth, saying: "You fat fool, you would spoil the romance of the death scene of Romeo and Juliet. Come along—I won't stay here."

"Let's take the 'Scoot to Mars,'" suggested the Fat Bard. "We want to see one honest show, you know."

"You'll pay for your own shows after this," snarled the Doctor. "You haven't even thanked me for taking you in here."

"We don't need to," said the Bard, and he pointed above us to the height of the electric tower, overlooking the bull-fight arena. Several hundred people were standing up there taking in the show. And this tip is

A. R. Dugmore.

IN THE STADIUM.

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extended without cost to all who are interested in bull-fighting as it is "fit" at Buffalo.

After this episode the Fat Bard grew so much of a scoffer that he railed against people who were patronizing a palmist. The Doctor wagered him the price of dinners in Alt Nürnberg, where soup is twenty-five cents a plate, that there is something in palmistry. The Doctor claimed that the ticket-taker at the Indian congress had reduced palmistry to a science.

From our table we could see the cooks busy in the kitchen. All at once one of them stooped and uncoiled from a tub one solid, unintersected length of wiener twenty-five feet long. As he uncoiled it he threw it around his shoulders. The face of the Fat Bard grew livid. "I've got 'em at last," yelled he. He fell on the floor, and the throng made solemn way for him to do his fit. No one looked astonished. The crowds in Alt Nürnberg are phlegmatic and ready for anything.

A. B. Dugmore.

THE BEAUTIFUL ORIENT. A SCENE ON THE MIDWAY.

"If a man passes out while the show is in progress and wants to go back again, the ticket-taker can determine by a look at his palm whether he is entitled to the privilege."

The Bard accepted that wager and came out of the show to try the thing. The ticket-taker grabbed his hand and printed in the palm with a rubber stamp. That is the return-check system at that show. His conversion to palmistry as an exact science cost the Bard the most of a five-dollar bill.

We noted with some alarm—the Doctor and I—that the Fat Bard ate only soup, and kept glancing around him apprehensively.

"I have a confession to make," said the Bard when he had been revived. "I have fallen a victim to the same dissipation that has wrecked several million other men who have come to this fair. I am thinking of establishing another society, companion to the 'Order of the Touched,' and calling it 'The Legion of the Wiener Worsted.' It's a great field to work in. Whenever I have been away from you fellows I have been off eating wiener wurst. There were hundreds of other men with hunted, guilty looks doing the same. We all believed we had German ancestry away back somewhere. I was thinking of taking a carload of wiener

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Arthur Hewitt.

IN THE ELECTRIC BUILDING. THE SWITCHES THAT TURN ON THE ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR THE WHOLE PAN-AMERICAN ILLUMINATION. AT THE EXTREME LEFT, ALMOST INVISIBLE IN THIS PICTURE, IS ONE LITTLE SWITCH THAT TURNS OUT ALL THE LIGHTS.

home with me for my wife to cook. I was planning wiener parties on our lawn. Oh, I had it something awful! I could see other men around me who were sand-clubbing themselves pretty hard with the wiener billies, but I was the worst yet. I was wishing I was a double-track system instead of a single, so that I could run extra trains of wiener down my throat. I came out of it and out of a sweet dream at the same time at about two o'clock one morning. I dreamed that a sixty-foot wiener, with green head and pink ears and a blue tail, had rolled and squeezed me out into a long sausage. I thought that he had just cut me open and had daubed a gallon or so of mustard into my inside.

"When I awoke I was closed together all right, and the sixty-foot wiener had disappeared, but the mustard was apparently right where it had been put, and was attending to business."

We lost the Doctor for a short time after dinner. He got caught in the ebb of the Ballyhoo parade. This parade at regular intervals comes storming out from the north gate of Akoun's "Beautiful Orient," and pom-poms and shrieks its clamorous way along the Midway street, to disappear within the south gate of the Streets of Cairo, its shredded tune dying away in jargon among the imitation mosques and domes. Blackface teetotums with flageolet, bagpipe, and drum whirl in the forefront of the parade. The Turkish soldiers hop and clash their way behind, with clatter of sword and shield like a riot in a kitchen. The elephants, camels, and donkeys lurch and trip in the rear. The Doctor got between the camel and the elephant, and was obliged to drift in. He found business. The patron who was riding the camel was encumbered with

A. R. Dugmore.

DURING THE BULL-FIGHT IN THE ARENA.

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A. R. Dugmore.

A STREET IN CAIRO.

The Doctor was too professional to relish the hootchie cootchie dance. He said it made him nervous to see women incurring an attack of appendicitis in that fashion. He wouldn't remain even when a fat man, introduced from the divan as "Grover Cleveland," started to sing in a cracked falsetto, "Ta-ra-ra, boom de-ay," in the language of the Ottoman Empire.

"What do you expect in a place like this anyway?" demanded the Fat Bard. "A speech on the tariff? For my part, I think Grover shows good taste in falling right in with the spirit of the occasion."

But the Doctor is an old-line Democrat, and he made us come away.

The Fat Bard discovered that there is an astonishing conflict of opinion over one Midway show. On either side of the barker are huge framed placards conveying eminent commendation somewhat as follows: "Absolutely wonderful."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.* "No one should miss seeing it."—*Chauncey Depew.* "The most instructive and astonishing discovery of the age."—*Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.* "The acme of the superb."—*Admiral George Dewey.*

But the Bard said that in spite of this remarkable unanimity of opinion among the great men of earth, the crowds were holding aloof and ignoring the barker's frantic appeals. The barker even lost his temper, and called the representatives of the great American public there massed before him "infernal fools." Even then they didn't appear willing to pay out money to behold

A. R. Dugmore.

TRAVELLING AT THE FAIR.

what the Fat Bard would term a "genial jag." He whooped hilariously from the time the parade started till the camel disjointed himself and crouched at the wind-up. Then Al Gobbo, flip-flopping his lower lip disgustedly, made an extra hard lurch, and the enthoosled gentleman threw himself in a high dive to the flagged court. The Doctor discovered that he had broken his arm in two places—one for each hump on the camel. The injured man made no moan over his mishap, but he did object to having the crowd laugh at him. He said he thought that was carrying the joke too far.

A. R. Dugmore.

SCENE ON THE MIDWAY.

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A. R. Dugmore.

SCENE ON THE MIDWAY.

his giant. A Texan who stood near the entrance hunched an Indian who had strolled down from the village up the street.

"Why doan't yuh go in an' see the gyahnt?" asked the Texan.

"Huh," scoffed Wart-on-his-beak, "white man dam big fake."

The Texan took another look at the eminent placarded commendation, and then he turned away.

"It reads well," he said, "but blame me, Ah think Ah'll take the Injun's word."

The Fat Bard wanted to moralize a while on this, but we wouldn't listen.

The Doctor discovered a diversion that interested him greatly. This occupation was pricing goods in the various villages. He enjoys surprises, as I have stated, and he got a lot of surprises in this way. In the Philippine village he ordered a native to wrap up a discolored and warped Manila hat, and hauled out half a dollar, expecting some change back.

A. R. Dugmore.

SCENE ON THE MIDWAY.

"Ah, a't douler," protested the smiling native.

"Eight dollars for that hat?" demanded the Doctor.

The native nodded genially.

"That is cheap," said the Doctor; "that is, it is cheap for a bicycle. But I reckon it is a little too much to put into one straw hat. Are all those hats, that these Filipinos around here are wearing, worth eight dollars?"

"All a't douler," declared the native.

The Doctor took a comprehensive survey of the linen suits and bare feet that surrounded him. "Poor cusses," said he, "if they stick you like that for hats, no wonder you can't afford to wear better clothes."

A. R. Dugmore.

ALT NÜRNBERG.

"Eight dollars for hat and eight cents for clothes,
That's the way with the Filipinos,"

sang the Fat Bard, arriving on the scene, followed by fifteen or twenty brown little youngsters that he called "Buffalo bugs." He had been distributing pennies among them, and they liked him, and so they chased him now, waddling on their warped underpinnings.

"How much for one of those?" asked the Doctor, with his pricing habit strong upon him, pointing to the bugs. "I tried to buy one up to the baby incubator, but

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they didn't have any quite finished." The native worked his grimy toe in and out of his sandal, and then called over two other little brown men and conducted a lively colloquy with them, "in the original." Then he talked "loco-lingo" to the Doctor, and as nearly as we could make out, he offered to close out their stock of grass-orphans at two dollars per. That is to say, the mother of one of the little chaps had run away, and had left the youngster on the hands of the villagers. Therefore he was for sale. So susceptible is the Doctor to a good trade, that if he had been able to buy a shawl-strap in the village he would have bought the bug.

'Twas fortunate for him that he didn't do any of this dickering in the village of Akoun. Those wily chaps there would have loaded the commodity onto him in spite of himself.

At the end of our last night at the fair the Doctor issued an ultimatum. It was to the effect that he will never go anywhere again with the Fat Bard except to a hoss trot. The Fat Bard spoils romance when there is any romance in a thing.

We were sitting at eleven o'clock that evening at a little table in the streets of Venice. The moon sailed high above in a cloudless sky. The gondoliers had finished their day's work, and were lolling on the cushions of the hearse-like crafts—and singing. Those chaps sing all the time. The Fat Bard said music seemed just to bubble out of them like July molasses from a bung-hole. "It seems to be harder work holding it back than letting it run," said he. Far up the street in the moon-radiance a Venetian (from New York City) was walking with his arm around a lissome maid. His mandolin hung down his back, dangling from a strap.

"There's Romeo," sighed the Doctor.

"Bet yer," scoffed the Fat Bard, "that if you yell, 'Mike,' he will turn around and say, 'Lave be y'r kiddin'.'"

. . . . .

The great, pallid, sleeping face of "Dreamland" fronted us as we strolled down the Midway on the way to the gates.

"Lots of cheek there," said the Fat Bard, gazing at the forty-foot expanse. "But there are others here. And the others are always awake while she's asleep—asleep on the Midway! Think of it!"

I didn't see the next occurrence, but the Fat Bard declared that the Dreamland face then and there slowly and significantly opened and closed one eye.

"They're all onto a fellow here," said the Fat Bard disgustedly. "Let's go home."

A. R. Dugmore.

NOON ON THE MIDWAY. THE ENTRANCE TO THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

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"PLOUGHING A MULE AND LOSING ONE'S EQUILIBRIUM MAY GO HAND IN HAND."

UNCLE ELI'S MOONLIGHT RIDE.

By Mrs. W. A. Leland.

Illustrated by E. W. Kemble.

THERE might have been people as good, certainly there were none better, than Uncle Eli, the deacon, and Aunt Nancy, his wife. At any rate, there were none better or more beloved in their part of the world, where good deeds had followed them from childhood, and charity's abiding place had long been in their hearts. And yet, strange and contradictory as it may seem, as relates to Uncle Eli at least, he had developed, in the very evening of his life, such an alarming tendency to go astray in one direction that Aunt Nancy had felt constrained to report him to the elders, and he was out, even now, on probation.

Ploughing a mule and losing one's equilibrium may go hand in hand, through every hour of the long summer day, down every furrow of the field, though it was hardly in accordance with the deacon's high office to become so violent or to openly express desires which, if fulfilled, would have sent one mule's spirit forthwith to certain overheated regions where probably mules' spirits are not often seen. However that may be, the responsibility of a deacon's wife weighed heavily on Aunt Nancy when the duty of reporting the occurrence had clearly devolved on her.

It had long been the custom in the village church to hold an annual experience-meeting, and wholesome and impressive these meetings were. The sins and sorrows of a year were wept over; pardon asked and granted for every wrong done each other, and promises made that were generally kept. It was here that the deacon had confessed and begged for time, and here, just twelve months later, that the same earnest people had gathered, waiting to receive him again, though his seat in the "amen" corner was empty. One after another had tremblingly

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risen, told all there was to tell, and quietly sat down again, till the last one had spoken, and the stillness remained unbroken, save by an owl in the graveyard and a whip-poor-will in the thicket.

"Mah frens, I'm erfyeard he—" But the minister did not say what he feared, and only had time to drop into his seat again, as a heavy step was heard, and the perturbed, belated deacon hurried to his place in the "amen" corner.

"Thar ain't no hope, mah frens, not er purticle," he murmured, holding on to the seat in front of him and almost gasping for breath; "ef swearin' 'll send er body ter the devil, I'm er goin', an' er goin' quick. I've beat that mule till I'm erfyeard mah spine's ruint fur life, an' I've swore at her till I reckon mah soul's ez good ez gone. Hit looks like predesternashun, mah frens, an' altho' that ain't our belief egzackly, hit's mine hencefo'th an' furever mo'. Here I've gone one year an' er day, three hundred an' sixty-six days, without namin' one leetle bit uv er cuss word, not even when the colt chawed up the buggy cushions, an' five gallons uv butter-milk fell in the well. An' them is times, mah frens, when er body so situwated 'ud give mighty nigh his whole crop fur the privilege uv sayin' sump'n, ef hit ain't no mo' than 'blame it.' Yit I've helt out er year in the face uv all them obsticles, ter be overtook at last, an' Nancy with her heart so sot on mah holdin' out ter the end," and the deacon's voice trembled suspiciously.

"I was proud mahse'f, an' flustered, but I wan't that proud ner flustered nuther, that I couldn't tell the difference betwixt er mule an' er hoss. Hit was so intentioned, mah frens, an' thar ain't no gittin' er round it; an' hit's er extry-ordinary occasion when er man that ain't er idg-ut an' never took er drink in his life, finds hisself half-way ter town on er beast that he wouldn't er rid ter meetin' fur fifty bales uv cotton! An' I wouldn't er knowed it then ef she hadn't er switched 'er tail in the moonlight. Ef hit ain't Ole Beck I'm er ridin', I thought, tho' I was ermost erfyeard ter think, let erlone ter speak, fur er sensibler an' er meaner mule never switched 'er tail day *ner* night. Wall, she trotted erlong er mile er so the prettiest you ever see, an' I plum furgot how I was travellin', hossback er muleback, with the night air blowin' so soft an' turnin' mah thoughts ter things erbove. Ef I'd er took it out in thinkin' thar wouldn't

"'REBECKER JINKINS . . . YOU AIN'T ER *GOIN'* TER MAKE ME SWEAR.'"

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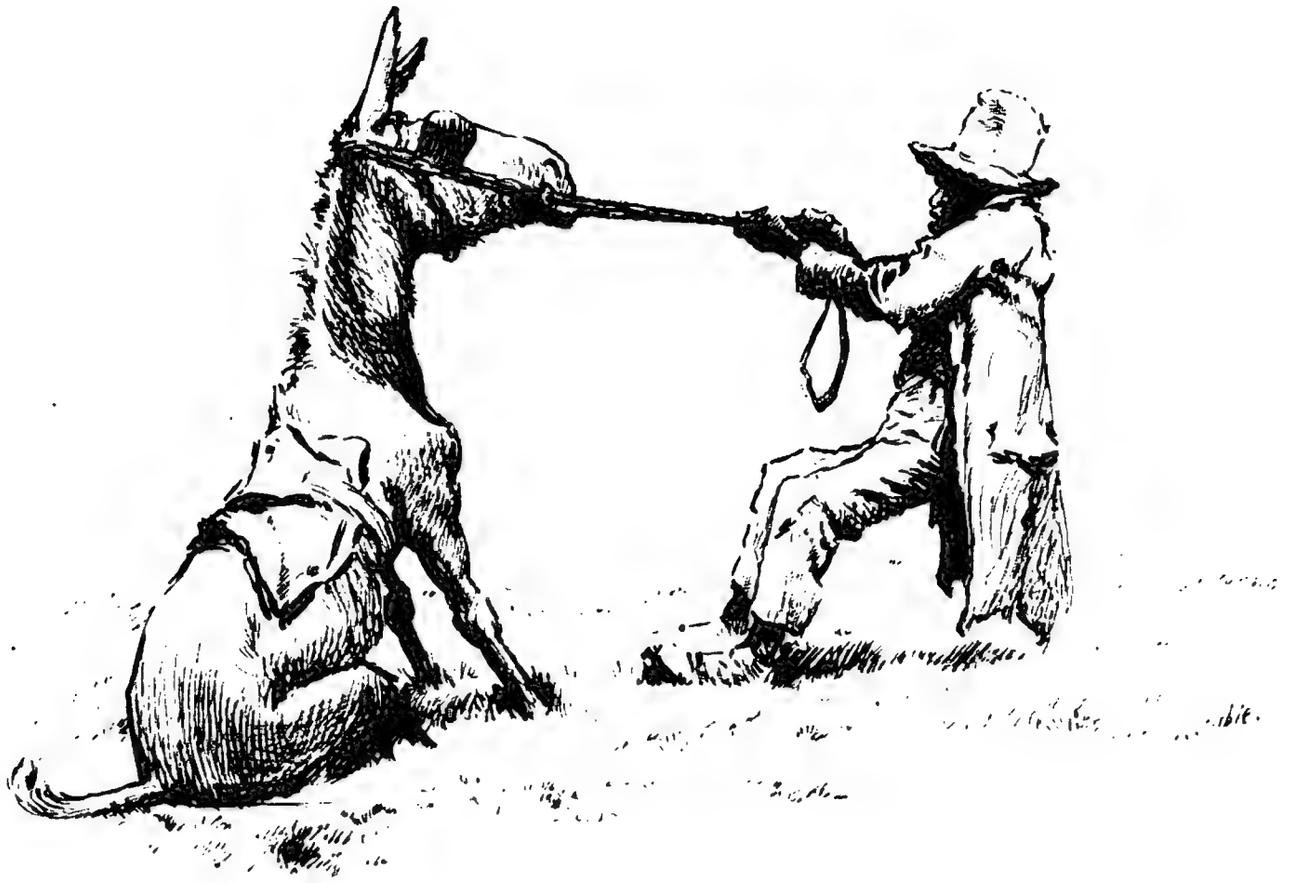

"'I REASONED WITH 'ER TER MOVE.'"

er been nothin' ter tell, but bime-bye whut must I do but go ter linin' out er tune. 'How firm,' I started, loud an' clear, when, thar now! I ended, fur Ole Beck had hyeard me an' stopped ez still ez the Rocky Mountains. 'Beck—Rebecker Jinkins,' I tole 'er, 'you ain't er *goin'* ter make me swear, fur that is whut you air drivin' at, an' furthermo', madam, you air goin' ter git me ter meetin' in time.'

"Maybe I spoke too brazen ter 'er; anyhow, I'm plum outdone, an' she ain't never winked. So I sot, an' sot, an' *sot*, an' ef er po' sinful creeter ever did fight temtashun, I fought ergin it ternight, whilst up, up, right from mah shoes up, come er creepin' them same, same feelin's I had the last time I ploughed that mule, an' I could no mo' er ho'ped it than I kin help dyin' when the hour draws nigh. I reasoned with 'er ter move, I beseeched an' besought 'er, an' all but prayed ter 'er; I poured rocks in 'er years, an' I mighty nigh twisted 'er tail off, whilst mah brain's turned wrong side *out*'uds with keepin' it so sot on things erbove. But, brutheren, thar ain't no hope, not er purticle. With all that swallerin', with all that chokin' tell the water poured out uv mah eyes, it busted out at last, sich er plain, substanshul, ole-time cussin' ez'll last that mule tell the judgment," and the probationer sat down exhausted, while the committee retired to consult.

It was a delicate subject to handle, and was finally left to a vote of the church, where the candidate's long service and estimable character, his efforts to overcome his one weakness, and last, but not least, Ole Beck's disposition, overbalanced the odd, and he was reinstated.

"Brutheren an' sistren, one uv you kin have 'er an' welcome," said the deacon, between a laugh and a cry; "she's standin' in that road this minit, with 'er head to'ads town an' 'er tail to'ads home, an' I ain't er goin' to turn 'er aroun' ef she stays right thar tell the trumpet blows."

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AN ELECTRICAL STORM PROPHET

BY EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ITALIAN INVENTOR WHO HAS COMING STORMS TELEPHONE HIM OF THEIR APPROACH.

A STORM raging somewhere a hundred miles away calls a man up by telephone and tells him in plain storm-language what it is doing and where it is going—that is one of the recent astounding achievements in electrical science. Benjamin Franklin, it is true, brought the storm down to him via a kite-string, but Franklin and the storm had to come together if they wished to communicate. The wireless telephone, however, has now changed all this.

In his laboratory at Intra, in Italy, Dr. Thomas Tommasina has one telephone on his desk and another in his living apartments, and no storms can knock at his door without being heard.

Dr. Tommasina's telephone is, to all appearances, like any other, but in its internal arrangement there is an important difference. When he hears some one call him up on the telephone, the sturdy inventor answers by putting his ear to the receiver and listening. Then he announces in a matter-of-fact way to those who may be present that a storm is coming. The visitor is skeptical. Outdoors all is clear and serene. There are none of the little menacing gusts of wind, nor the dread, sultry quiet. Dr. Tommasina nevertheless declares that he cannot be mistaken, for has he not just received a telephone message from the storm itself? When before long the storm is seen to approach, the visitor is amazed and wants to know more about this new telephonic contrivance.

It all began with metal filings. First the inventor came upon a curious phenomenon not before known to him; namely, that the tiny grains of metal filings have the property of adhering to each other under the action of an electric current. He had constructed a very elementary sort of an electro-magnet which he called by its French technical name, *cohéreur*. This apparatus, for detailed explanation of which see Figs. 1, 2, and 3, was contrived as follows. A little pendulum of copper and zinc, nickled over, with a ball one centimeter in diameter (.394 inches), was suspended from a support by a very fine wire and connected with one of the poles of a battery. A fraction of an inch below the pendulum ball a copper disc about an inch in diameter was welded to an elastic copper stem and connected with the other pole of the battery. The disc was horizontal, and the pendulum was perpendicular to the centre of the disc. The electric circuit was connected with a second circuit that included a small incandescent lamp, and this second circuit could be cut out at will. The experimenter laid a pinch of nickel filings on the disc and lowered the pendulum till it barely touched the filings. Then, turning on the current, he slowly lowered the disc a very little, and made his first discovery in the series, observing that a delicate, shining thread was clinging between the pendulum ball and the disc. Under the magnifying glass the shining thread proved to be made of tiny grains of the nickel filings, hanging one to another, and forming a flexible chain through which the current passed. He knew the current was passing, because the incandescent lamp was still lighted. Being very careful not to jar the contrivance, he managed to make these little chains almost two-thirds of an inch in length, one at a time. If a chain broke at its base, the top section would hang to the pendulum for an appreciable time, although the lamp had gone out and the current was interrupted. When this happened, if the end of the hanging chain, by lowering the pendulum, were made to touch

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DR. THOMAS TOMMASINA.

Inventor of the Electro-Radiophone, or Storm Prophet.

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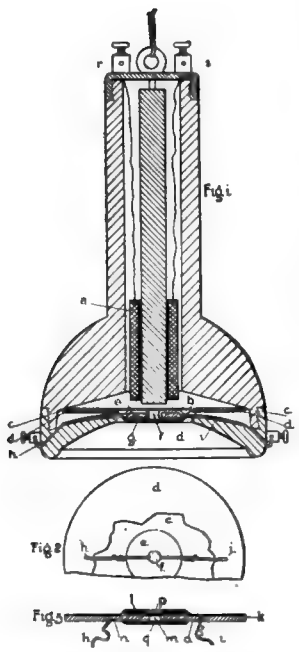

OUTLINE OF THE TOMMASINA TELEPHONE, SHOWING CARBON MAGNET.

a, Electro magnet. *b*, Iron membrane. *c* and *d*, Insulating covers. *e*, Insulating plaque of magnet. *f*, Cavity for filings of magnet. *g*, Mica covering. *h* and *i*, Electrodes of the magnet. *k*, Insulating membrane. *l*, Iron plaque. *m*, Filings or carbon powder. *n* and *o*, Silver sheets. *p* and *q*, Mica sheets. *r* and *s*, Poles.

the top of the little heap of filings on the disc below, the circuit would close again, the incandescent lamp would be relighted, and a new chain made by gently drawing up the pendulum. This, briefly, is the electro-magnet, or *cohéreur*, which was to become the key to the invention of the storm prophet.

When Dr. Tommasina wearied of experimenting with filings, and among other things tried carbon on his magnet, he was on the direct road to his wireless storm telephone. His substitute for the metal filings was carbon powder, which he procured by grinding up an arc-light carbon and sifting the result so as to get the average-sized grains. Putting a pinch of these grains on the copper disc, after many trials he was able to produce chains twelve to fifteen mm. long (.47 to .59 inch). Having satisfied himself that the carbon grains would hang together by the help of an electric current, the inventor proceeded to make more magnets, or *cohéreurs*, until he succeeded finally in getting a carbon instrument as sensitive as the one with metal filings ; the carbon grains, moreover, having the very important advantage of instantly becoming demagnetized and falling apart when the current is turned off, and as quickly reforming into chains when the current is turned on again.

We have already noted that the filings in becoming demagnetized still cling together for several seconds. Dr. Tommasina next placed his carbon *cohéreur* vertically, and plunged the two short wires of its electrodes into cups of mercury in order to avoid jars, and with this arrangement he rendered the apparatus so sensitive that it sufficed merely to stop the current for the carbon to lose all conductibility, and that without any jarring whatever.

It was now necessary to have another *cohéreur*, also of carbon, and practically the same as the one soon to be applied to the storm telephone. It consisted simply of two arc-light carbons inserted in a glass tube, which, when finally adjusted, proved to be an instrument of extreme sensitiveness. Seeing what he could do with non-metallic conductors, the inquisitive scientist wished to determine whether the human body could become the seat of extra currents inducted by electric vibrations, and placed himself in the circuit with his *cohéreur* and demonstrated his hypothesis. Although this proved to be only a side line of investigation, as far as the storm prophet is concerned, Dr. Tommasina was, however, nearing the goal, for he succeeded in obtaining the self-demagnetization, or *auto-décohération*, of his carbon magnet (a peculiar property of carbon powder, which he believes he was the first to discover). By applying this discovery to the telephone he now found a means to receive telephone signalling without the aid of wires. By automatic demagnetization is meant the immediate disappearing of coherence between the carbon grains after each electric wave, and that without any

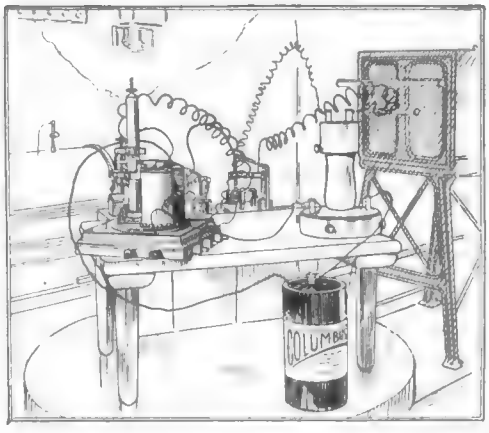

FIG. 4.—ARRANGEMENT FOR OPERATING DR. TOMMASINA'S TELEPHONE.

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shock or jar or stopping of the current being needed.

Dr. Tommasina was, however, not yet satisfied with this discovery (brought about by means of a glass tube *cohéreur* of arc-light carbons), for the automatic phase was still very irregular, and often a shock or the interruption of the current was needed to make the grains demagnetize. Finally he blamed the inertia of the relays for his poor success, and, with the second battery, simply cut them out of the circuit and went on with his experimenting. In their place he inserted a telephone receiver, but though no shock was now ever required to make the grains shake loose of one another, yet sometimes the magnetism would not pass away quick enough.

The inventor now began to work on still another *cohéreur* which he could put into the case of the telephone receiver itself. From a sheet of ebonite about .1 inch thick he cut out a rectangle 12mm. by 15mm. (.4728 inch by .59 inch), bored a hole .7 inch in diameter in the centre, and down the middle of each face filed a notch parallel with the longest side of the rectangle. He then passed a silk-covered German-silver wire through the hole, and along the notch on either side, and twisted the two ends together (see the small cut in Fig. 6), then attached a second wire in the same way, opposite the first. Both wires had been bored and polished at the place where they passed through the hole. The hole was then almost completely filled with well-dried carbon powder and plugged up with a sheet of mica cemented over it on each face of the ebonite. This, then, was the new electro-magnet, or *cohéreur*. Its electrodes were simply the two wires, about .04 of an inch apart, brought in contact with the powdered carbon. An examination of Fig. 6 will make the explanation clear.

Following out his idea, Dr. Tommasina unscrewed the cover of a telephone receiver, cut the wires of the electro-magnet inside, and inserted his new *cohéreur* so as not to touch the vibrating membrane. This arrangement worked to perfection with one cell of a dry battery and proved to have a sensitiveness equal, if not superior, to the best metal-filing receivers. The cavity of the *cohéreur* being almost filled with powdered carbon, the receiver operated in all positions. By putting the ear to the telephone one could hear a clear, clean-cut shock with each electric wave, no matter how great the rapidity. With carbon powder thus substituted for filings, there resulted not only the advantage of automatic demagnetization, but a most satisfactory regularity, even with strong currents. The inventor explains that every microphone is but a magnet-demagnetizer

Cohéreur. Telephone with self-demagnetizing magnet, called the Electro-radiophone.

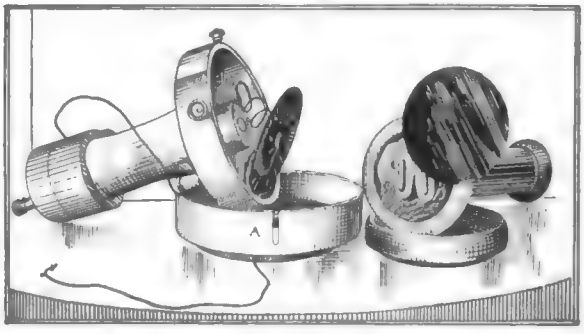

FIG. 5.—TELEPHONE WITH DR. TOMMASINA'S MAGNET OF CARBON POWDER.

(*cohéreur auto-décohéreur*), whose sensitiveness increases inversely as its size and the quantity of powder it contains. Instead of carbon powder, filings may be put between the carbon discs and the spoken words are reproduced in the receiver just the same. Either *cohéreur*, applied to a vibrating membrane, constitutes a microphone. Dr. Tommasina hopes that he will be able to register telegraph messages by inserting a Morse apparatus in the circuit of the *cohéreur*, and solve the problem of rapid transmission by means of the Hertzian waves.

Dr. Tommasina calls his altered telephone an electro-radiophone, because it has the property of signalling the radiations produced by electric discharges of near or distant storms by means of transforming such radiations into sounds. Several physicists had already made instruments which would register atmospheric discharges automatically, as with tubes of metal filings. They are, in fact, registering barometers or electro-radiographs. Professor Boggio Lera, another Italian scientist, constructed an apparatus that would trace little lines, like arrow-shafts, to indicate the intensity of distant atmospheric discharges. Dr. Tom-

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masina's method, however, is much more vivid. His observations at Intra, Italy, have convinced him of its utility. The instrument is practically that already described, the carbon *cohéreur auto-décohéreur* in a telephone receiver. There is no metal contact whatever. The electrodes are two little arc-light carbons adjusted so as to touch lightly in a glass tube, and between them are placed little grains of the same carbon. These latter have been separated from their own dust, and they and the electrodes have been thoroughly dried in a flame. The *cohéreur* is fixed vertically in a tube of the telephone horn and inserted in the circuit of the electromagnet. Thus, when the receiver is to the ear, the *cohéreur* is horizontal, and the grains have an equal pressure on each electrode. Because carbon is so porous, the glass tube had to be hermetically sealed to protect it from all traces of humidity.

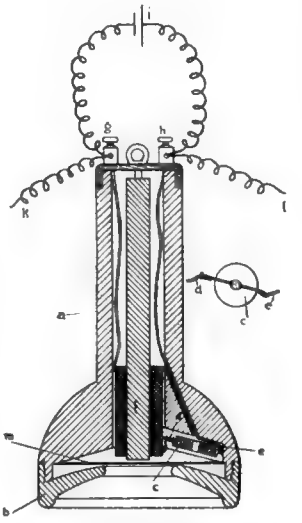

FIG. 6.—*a*, Case of receiver. *b*, Cover of receiver. *c*, Electro-radiophone. *d*, *e*, German-silver wire. *f*, Electromagnet. *g*, *h*, Wire connections. *i*, Little dry battery. *k*, Receiving wire. *l*, Ground wire. *m*, Telephone membrane.

His laboratory being some seven yards from the ground, Dr. Tommasina ran three copper wires through a crack in the glass of his window and spread them outside like a fan, whence they stretched to a platform. This platform was covered, but open to the weather on all sides. The wires terminated in rubber tubes, and were fixed to glass insulators covered inside and out with paraffine. These insulators were twelve yards from the ground and two yards apart. The wires were thirty yards long. In the laboratory the ground connection was made by a conductor of water. When a storm should come too near for safety, all the connections could be easily removed.

Dr. Tommasina describes one occasion when his storm prophet was more entertaining than usual. Till noon of a September day the weather had been a model of calm beauty, but, nevertheless, the radiophone had been making varied noises, with very clear shocks, ever since morning. There were certainly some atmospheric discharges at a great distance. Towards two o'clock the telephone bell rang, and in the telephone the noises grew more and more energetic. Sometimes they resembled the prolonged rolling of thunder, but these came from many discharges, extremely rapid and of varying intensity. Soon the bell rang more frequently, and by half-past three it was jangling incessantly, and he cut it out of the circuit. By now distant lightning could be seen on the horizon, and large clouds began to form here and there, though as yet no thunder was audible to the naked ear. The noises in the telephone had steadily grown more intense, and then of a sudden they changed to a compact crackling, steady in volume and continuous. Several seconds later rain began to fall, and simultaneously the first thunder clap made itself heard most energetically. The inventor had no sooner removed the connections of his apparatus than torrents of water flooded the streets, and the darting lightning struck the ground in several places nearby. When the storm had passed over, Dr. Tommasina reëstablished his connections, and listened to the last distant discharges, even to their disappearing altogether.

When the weather changes without bringing on a storm, the peculiar crackling already mentioned foretells it faithfully, even twelve hours before rainfall. Thus, because of its great sensitiveness, the electro-radiophone may some day be invaluable on shipboard for discovering and locating distant storms, for following their course, and as a warning to get out of their way.

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"'I IS MUCH OBLIGE', GENTLEMEN, BUT NOBODY 'CEPTIN' ME IS GOIN' PUT ON MY WIVE'S SHOE.'"

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A CINDERELLA OF GREAT TURTLE.

By Katharine Holland Brown.

Illustrated by Stuart Travis.

"AN' it is better for you that I myse'f explain thees ting to Stasie. Thees women, they is all dat queer! You mus' be much experience', like me, 'fore you can do anysing wis 'em."

"I tink I better do my own talkin', Onc' Petaire. It is my own fault that she is so vex'." Valentine did not look up at the old man as he spoke. Dejection was writ large from the crested curl of his black head to the point of his wet boots.

"Dat is all one nonsenze. You let me speak, an' I will smoove all over, so they can't nev' be no trouble. Hé, Stasie!" Onc' Petaire set down his dripping creel of fish at the door of the hotel kitchen, and peered into the room. Streaks of perspiration gleamed in the grooved wrinkles of his brown forehead; his thick, curling white hair brushed his shoulders, and wove a saintly aureole about a countenance most unsaintly, from quizzical eye to projecting chin; he fixed Stasie's shy presence with the twinkling grin of an aged satyr. "Hé, Stasie! Come, see what I bring you. You is alarm', Valentine? She don' bite."

Thus adjured, Valentine dragged his handsome bulk from the shadow of the trellis, and gave her shamefaced greeting. Stasie lifted intent violet eyes to Onc' Petaire.

"He feel he'se'f ver' small," chuckled the old man. The blood tingled through Valentine's ears at this unforeseen attack; but he stood his ground. "He is come to hask you go to the ball, *chez* Mère Boudinot, over to St. Ignace, an' he is much scare'. Me, I is scare', too, if I's him. For why? He is firs' hask too many ozer girl. One—two—t'ree——"

Stasie crimsoned. "For why you tell me thees?"

"I is you' gran'fazzer." Onc' Petaire's voice sank to a portentous chest-note. He spread his vast palms, and reared his head with a gesture at once paternal and pontifical, caught some months since from a travelling revivalist. The majesty of the pose was a bit marred by the demon twinkle beneath the thatched brows. "An' therefore I come tell you thees ting. Valentine, he is a nize young man, hein? A-ah, but listen. First, he goes hask these Irish girl, Nelly Finnegan, crossn' St. Ignace; she is got offle prett' cloes, what the Cottage ladies geev' her for i'onin', an' she dance like fox-fire; but he don't get her. Nos-sir!" He turned his glance from the flushed faces before him to the rolling sapphire of the lake below. His carven mouth, seamed like the gray stone at his feet, twitched with a volcanic spasm of laughter; but he went on, inexorable in his mischief. "'Oh, Misser Valentine! Ain' thees terreeble!' she say. '*Ain'* thees terreeble! Two beaux, an' on'y one pore lil' girl like me 'tween 'em! Tank you, but I is goin' wis my cousin Tim McCarty.' An' where you hask nex'?"

Valentine gripped the doorknob with fingers of steel. He was too slow of thought to attempt defence; he could only stand passive beneath this lightning from a clear sky.

"Then you sails up Les Cheneaux, an' hask Martine Beaupré. Martine, she ain' so offle smart, an' she dance like Mère Leroi, all her feets togezzer, t'ump! like dat; but dat ain' mek no diff'ence. She is have piles of money, Martine; woods an' land, an' a big skiff, so big you's kin hold mass in 'im; so she do all right. But, ah! you' fish ain' bite, jus' yet; they is ozer lines out. 'I's offle sorry, M'sieu' Valentine,' Martine say; an' he cock up he eye at you like pecker on a maple trunk—'I is offle sorry, but they's two—t'ree young men hask me for thees dance; an' I's goin' wis M'sieu' Vallette, what's been soldier, an' travel clear to those Phil'pines. *Bonsoir*, M'sieu' Valentine.' An' what you do nex'?

"Nex', you tink, 'Well, they isn't nobody lef' but thees Stasie Bettanier. She isn' nev' dress like Nelly, an' she ain' got no money, but——'"

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"Onc' Petaire!" White and quivering, Stasie sprang forward as though she would strike him in the face. Then her arms dropped; she turned and fled through the kitchen and up the stairs.

Onc' Petaire's face drooped into aggrieved creases. Behold the fair letter of his good intent thus mocked and misinterpreted! "Thees women, they is all alike to each ozer!" he whined. "Me, I been marry' five times, an' they *toujour'* the same ting! When you tink you mek 'um mad, they sweet as honey; an' when you try amuse 'um—ah! they take you's head clean off wis one snap."

Valentine thrust him out of the way without a word, and hurried after Stasie. He found her at last, a desolate little figure, huddled in a corridor seat. He caught at her hands, but Stasie snatched them away.

"Stasie, isn't you goin' comprend? When I hask you firs', ain' you tell me you won't go to no ball, for Onc' Petaire's new wife is dead, an' he is so lone? I nev' reely want to go wis those ozer girls, 'tall."

"Wherefore is you then hask them?" wailed Stasie, into the cushion. Valentine clutched his hair.

"How can anybody say why they act like such fool? I crawl from here to Sugarloaf if you say you forgive me when I gets there."

Stasie sobbed on, miserably. Valentine stalked the length of the deserted corridor, then came to her again. The veins rose in angry cords across his temples: he seethed with the helpless wrath of him who stands convicted without word of trial.

"Stasie, listen! All these is one mean trick of that Onc' Petaire. It is the trut', I have invite' thees ozer girl, but it is not what I do, it is his tongue, what mek you so angry. After you will not go, an' these ozers, they is refuse', I tink I stay home; but Onc' Petaire tell me to-day, he is goin' marry again nex' week, so I tink perhaps you will go, after all. An' then he say all thees ting, jus' to mek you vex' wis me!"

Stasie did not move.

"An' it is all 'count of thees peddleman Charpentier!" stormed Valentine. "He rich, an' you' gran'fazzer tink, if I is out of the way——"

"Thees Charpentier, he don' look at us French girl no more. Ain' you remember, how Angélique Sarcey mos' keel him wis her flati'on? He hate us so, he bite he tongue whenever we go by," gulped Stasie.

"Then it is that you' gran'fazzer will not have you marry 'tall. An' here is he marry five wives, an' the sixt' on'y nex' week!"

"They isn't nossing wicked if he do!" Stasie rose up to protect her altars. "Thees las', she treat him more worse than h'ever! She so mean, she mek him wash an' scrub an' clean fish, an' if he say one lil' word, she take away he pipe; an' if he say two word', she tie him up wis the clo'esline. He say he goin' marry somebody what let him breeve for he'se'f thees time; an' he is chop up that clothesline wis a hatchet."

"What is I care, what he does wis he hatchet?" retorted Valentine. "I is tell you how bad I feel that you so angry; now I begin tink it is me what should be the angry one. Is it the trut' when you say, because of your gran'fazzer you will not go? Or is it that you have some ozer reason?"

Stasie's face flickered like a wind-swept anemone; her little hands opened and shut. She beat down the insistent question in his face with defiant eyes. "I ain't nev' goin' tell you my reason. An' if you's angry, you kin stay angry. *Bonjour*, M'sieu' Valentine!"

She stumbled into a nearby sitting-room, and shut the door. This was Miss Carter's room, she thought dimly. It did not matter. Miss Carter would not care if she took refuge here, until Valentine should leave the hotel. She lay down in the window and sobbed her misery to the crooning pine, whose spicy branches tapped against the sill. If she had only spoken truth in the beginning! Yet how could she say that she must give up the ball, not because of her doubtful bereavement, but for the pitiful lack of a pair of shoes!

Such an admission was beyond possibility; moreover, Valentine, who earned broad silver, would have lost no time in procuring adornments which her pride would never allow her to accept. It was better to keep silence. "But he ain' nev' goin' like me no more!" she wept. "If on'y I has money 'nough to buy slippers, I kin go in my ol' dress. *Mais*—slippers!" She thrust out her little foot in its coarse, broken shoe, and glowered at it through rainbow lashes. It was no use; her slender wage must go for bare necessaries; and while tobacco was to be purchased on the Island,

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Onc' Petaire would never have two coppers to clink.

She turned her face to the window again and watched the lake, a shield of flame beneath the late afternoon sun, for a glimpse of Valentine's white sail. There was much clamor from the group of college boys on the terrace just below; Miss Carter's terrace, as the guests called it; but the crisp voices rose meaningless to Stasie's ears as the whisper of the lake beyond.

"Certainly, I could row across the strait in two hours, if the wind wasn't too fresh. Dead easy."

"Ya-as, just listen to him! Why don't you say you could make it with your hands tied behind your back?"

"What are all you boys quarrelling about?" Miss Carter floated down the portico like a great black-and-gold butterfly, and poised herself on the rail.

"Why, Miss Carter, here's Mapes pretending he could cross to St. Ignace in a canoe all by himself. Hear the child!"

"Oh, go on, go on," returned Mapes. "I'm not as far out of training as you think. What'll you wager on it, Miss Carter?"

"Are you really going to try?"

"Sure, if Cox isn't afraid to try, too."

Cox sat up with some violence. "All right, I'll show you, old man. We'll each take a canoe and start to-morrow morning, or right away, if you prefer. You can name the starting time, and Miss Carter will hold the stakes. I'll bet you anything you care to put up that I'll get there half an hour ahead, all conditions equal."

"Wouldn't it be a very hard trip?" murmured Miss Carter.

"Hard?" ejaculated both men. "Easy as paddling around the beach!" "Mere child's play!"

Miss Carter stood up, her eyes dancing.

"Then I'll lay a wager of my own. I will double the present stakes that I reach St. Ignace before either one of you. I'm not as far out of training as you'd imagine."

"Miss Carter!" "Mabel!" "How absurd!" "Don't think of such a thing!"

Miss Carter gathered her laces around her. "Hear those children!" she flashed sweetly at the five alarmed, reproachful faces. "You give me scant credit, I must say. It's easy as paddling round the beach, it is mere child's play, and yet you cry out on my joining the game! Just you wait and see. No, I won't be reasoned with; I'm going to get ready now and win my wager by nine o'clock. Let me go, Bob." She pulled her arm from her brother's grasp, and ran into the hotel.

"Does she mean it?" gasped Mapes.

"Not on your life. She's dead afraid of sunburn," retorted Bob, the brother. "Cool down, fellows; it's just one of her jokes. She knows I'd never let her do such a crazy thing."

Stasie dragged herself trembling from her dark reverie as Miss Carter hurtled into the room. "I jus' came in—to look at the lake. I'll go right away, Miss Carter."

"Oh, it's Stasie, isn't it?" Miss Carter flung herself on her knees before her great trunk and stirred up its contents with a frantic hand. "Get my walking shoes from the closet, child, and my bicycle suit." She tore off her filmy dress and began to unfasten her slippers. "Bother those buckles, anyway! I'm going to cross the Island, right through the woods, and take the ferry to St. Ignace, but don't tell any one, please. It's just a joke. Do you think I can make the six o'clock boat?"

"Is you goin' to the ball, Miss Carter?"

"Ball? No. Who is going to give one?"

"They is goin' have a big dance over there to-night. Mos' all us Islanders is goin', an'—an' Valentine." Stasie's voice trailed away.

"Valentine? You mean that handsome boy who takes us sailing? Oh, and you're going with him, Stasie?" For Stasie had hidden her face. "Well, I hope you have a glorious time, child. Don't you want these shoes? I'm tired of them, anyway." She tossed her discarded slippers into the girl's lap. "Give me my jacket, please, and my key. Good-by."

Stasie gathered her treasures to her breast, and sat down, quivering and scarlet. What other girl on the Island had so wonderful a possession? She fingered them as she would have caressed a sacred relic, from the deep Cromwell flaps, inlaid with sparkling paste jewels, to the slim gilded heel. They were laced with gold cords, stiff and curling; they were lined with yellow satin, fresh as buttercups. Stasie sighed for rapture.

"And they is mine—mine own!" She tore off her coarse cloth shoe and fitted her arched foot into the dainty sandal. "An'

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I will make Onc' Petaire take me to thees ball, an' I shall dance wis all—ev'body but that Valentine, what was so cross to me. An' yet—if he hask me—I isn't so sure——"

She tucked her treasures into her apron, and flew downstairs.

Onc' Petaire stood in the laundry, surrounded by a group of laughing girls, and discoursed vociferously on his late trials and his present hopes. In all the book of his seventy years, there stood no page of evil; yet the desire of his heart was to be seen of his neighbors a Mephisto shape, darkly alluring, sinister, sublime. He spared no effort toward this end, although the record of his peaceful days made it a weary task. However, at times he caught a frown, a disapproving glance, a gloomily foreboding sigh; and he smacked his old lips greedily over these spicy proofs of his degeneration. Yet now and then he flung aside his cloak of gloom, and seized on motley as his only wear.

"Ya-as, you, Annette! An' you, Vict'rine! You tink you's goin' get the ol' man easy, hein? An' all you has to do is bite you's apron an' laugh under you' eyes at me! You come sidle up like a skift at high water, an' you 'Bonjour, Onc' Petaire!' an' 'Come, see me an' try my shortcake, Onc' Petaire,' an'——"

"I ain't nev' hask you have none o' my cookin'!" Victorine turned on him with a face of fire.

"Is I say you did?" Onc' Petaire flung a curling, snowy lock from his face. With that gesture, it should have been a vine-leaf. "Is I say you did? You don' nev' waste you' good things, Vic'trine; you know it ain' no use. But there's Jeanne; she is come up to me yeste'day on the beach, an' want help carry my fish up the hill. 'He too heavy for you, Onc' Petaire.' Pore Onc' Petaire! An' Angélique"—Onc' Petaire dodged a saucepan lid with the agility born of long practice—"Angélique, she fix me wisky an' sugar for my cough, an' she bring lindiment for my pore bones; oh, she offle good to me, now I ain' no wife. But it don' do no good!" He made a dash for the door, lifting his creel as a shield against their wild-aimed missiles. "I's goin' marry Mis' O'Rourke, up Les Cheneaux, nex' week. She ain' so rosy as Jeanne, an' she don' hannle a flati'on like Angélique, an' she can't coax the teefs outer you' head, like Vict'rine; but she is promise' me she'll wash all the dishes, an' she won't nev' take my pipe away—she sweared it before Fazzer Antoine he'se'f."

"Onc' Petaire!" Stasie caught his sleeve and drew him outside. He launched a parting bolt, "An' here's my own lil' grand-girl, come to try save me from you!"

"Onc' Petaire! Listen!"

"*Que veux-tu, ma petite?*"

"I want go to the ball." Stasie met his quizzical tenderness with dark-glowing eyes. "No, they isn't nossing the matter. I go to the ball *chez* Mère Boudinot, an' you mus' take me. Come."

"Me go wis you *chez* Mère Boudinot!" Onc' Petaire sat down hard on the step. "An' isn't you hear how she feed on hope ev' since you' gran'modder is depart'? Ef I goes there, she drag me over to Fazzer Antoine, 'fore I finds time to holler."

"She wouldn' touch you wis a boat-hook," retorted unfilial Stasie. "She is hold her eye straight for Jawnny Perroche, an' she ain' nev' goin' steer outer that course. You go put on that lil' taily coat what M'sieu' King geeve you, an' you's w'ite tie. An' mind you isn't wear you' blue breas'pin. You is *toujours* forget you's in mournin'. I is at the landing by seven."

Onc' Petaire yielded at the prospect of looming up before the awestruck Island eyes in the taily coat and the w'ite tie. For his dignity's sake, he gave assent most reluctantly; but his face shone, and he walked with a regal strut, when he met Stasie at the landing. The sleeves of the dress-coat stopped abruptly at the elbow, leaving an expanse of white muslin below, which gave an ultra-modern effect of puffed undersleeve; the tails began at the middle of his spine, and fluttered like corsair signals in the evening breeze; but the vast and crackling shirt front, and the hair brooch, broad as a muffin, which secured his clean four-in-hand, glorified even the shortcomings of his attire.

He considered Stasie with grave approval, from the gilt comb in her dusky head to the gilded slippers on her feet. "Mek me ver' sorry for dose young mens what isn't hask you for to-night," he said, cheerfully. He scrambled into the skiff and seized the oars. "You push off, *ma petite*."

Stasie hesitated. The sunset sky flamed with menacing orange lights; across to the north an ominous shape of leaden gray

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shouldered its path along the horizon. The lake hissed softly at her feet.

"Push off, I say, Stasie. You tink she storm? *Allons donc!* We get 'cross 'fore she begin tink about it."

Stasie gave a vigorous shove and leaped aboard, just as Onc' Petaire tossed the skiff twenty feet out from shore on the crest of a receding wave. Stasie clung to the gunwale and shrieked with all her might.

"Onc' Petaire! Row back, *vite! vite!* My slipper! She is stay in the sand when I jump aboard!"

"Hein?" Onc' Petaire was struggling with the oars. The skiff plunged and quivered under a suddenly rising sea.

"Oh, my lil' shoe! My slipper, what Miss Carter geev' me! *Vite, je t'en prie!*"

"Grab you's rudder!" roared Onc' Petaire. "Ef we turns back, we stays back. You see thees snarl' teef begin shine over by Bois Blanc? Ef we gives 'um half hour, mebby, they takes a bite. You kin dance in you's stockin's; they is gay 'nough."

The gray shadow crept farther and farther, clouding the rim of the sky with its sodden bulk. The last glow faded from the clouds; the wind leaped up like a wild thing, and circled about them, screaming; the snarling teeth gleamed white on every side through the thickening horror of the storm.

Some twenty minutes later, Bob Carter and Tom Mapes pulled inshore after a hard row up the Point. Bob beached the canoe, while Mapes, puffing and crimson, threw himself on the sand for a moment's rest. As he lay down his outflung arm touched something hard and smooth—the gilded heel of a slender jewelled shoe. He sat up and blinked at it stupidly: the hot color faded from his face.

"Jolly glad you fellows didn't try to pull off your race to-night," called the unconscious Bob, still tinkering with the canoe. "You'd have been swamped half-way over. What you found, Mapesy?"

Mapes thrust the slipper into his hand without speaking.

"Hello, it's a girl's shoe! Lemme nail it up in my room for matches, won't you?"

"You blimed idiot!" Mapes's speech broke from him in gasps. "You pie-face! Don't you know your own sister's shoe?"

"H-wat?" The blood flamed into Bob's ears. For the moment the two men glared into each other's faces without a sound.

"I'm going for the other fellows." Bob's voice broke queerly. "Launch the big boat for us, Mapes. It'll be all we can do—even if we get there in time." He dropped the slipper and dashed away up the hill.

Mapes heard no word of his orders. He picked up the little shoe mechanically and thrust it into his pocket. Reeling and sick with fear, he staggered into the canoe again, and plunged away through the boiling black water.

Onc' Petaire was giving out; Stasie could not bear to look at him as he toiled at his fruitless task. She clung to the rudder with both hands, and strained her eyes towards the faint gleam from the St. Ignace shore. They were not a mile away, those beckoning lights of home; but as well might they lift their pale torches on the far eastern coast, for all the hope they could bring to her. During the last hour the boat had not made fifty feet. All Onc' Petaire's waning strength was spent in keeping it out of the trough of the waves. Drenched from head to foot with spray, he stooped to the oars, his gnarled face gray with exhaustion, his iron muscles leaping under the rent sleeves of the festal coat. Stasie gazed on at the flickering landward glow. Before her eyes swam the lighted dance-hall, gay with flags, wreathed in cedar. She could see Valentine, radiant in spotless duck, his cheeks afire, his black eyes sparkling, as he paced the floor to meet his partner. His partner! Stasie sobbed through clenched teeth, and gripped the rudder with redoubled force. Yet the vision spun on before her tear-filled eyes; the call of the violin shrilled above the roar of the wind. *Balancez! Promenez tous! Droit à gauche!* The merciless music echoed on and on. *Balancez! En avant!*

"Boat ahoy! Mabel!"

Onc' Petaire lifted his head with a wild answering cry. As thrown from the blackness by a giant hand, a canoe tipped across the reeling water, and swung alongside. "Miss Carter! Mabel!"

"Ah-h, *Mon Dieu!*" Onc' Petaire sank down with a wail. The right oar had snapped into splinters.

The skiff rose high on the crest of the next wave. For an instant it balanced,

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quivering: then it toppled sidewise and shot beneath the thundering water.

Mapes flattened himself across his canoe, and clutched Stasie's arm as she rose to the surface. Despite her terror, she had the wit to obey his orders, and in a few moments she lay shivering on the floor of the canoe.

"But where's Miss Carter—Mabel?" shrieked Mapes, panic-stricken, as he saw Stasie's face at last, and knew that he had not won his search. "Was she in the skiff? Where did she go?"

"They isn't nobody but me an' Onc' Petaire," wailed Stasie. "Oh, Onc' Petaire! Ain' you goin' save him? Oh, pore Onc' Petaire!"

Mapes strove to put the boat about, with no success. He peered into the darkness and shouted at the top of his lungs. But he could scarcely see a boat-length into the night; and his call lifted but a feeble pipe amidst the clamorous voices of the storm.

"It's no use, child," he said, at last. "We'll only lose our own lives if we try to turn about. Now, Stasie, please stop crying and tell me what became of Miss Carter."

"She is gone to St. Ignace by the fêrry," sobbed Stasie. "She geev' me her prett' shoes, an' gone in her wheel' clothes. An' I lost one, an'— Oh, Onc' Petaire! Pore Onc' Petaire! I make him bring me, an' here is he drown' forever!"

"For Heaven's sake, what shoes do you mean?"

"The black ones, wis lil' gold heels." Stasie set her quivering lips. How could he stoop to ask so trivial a question, in this dark hour?

"She went by the ferry—you lost that shoe—oh, of all the fools!" Mapes clung feebly to the oars, his body swaying in uncontrollable laughter. "My, I'm thankful she's safe. But, oh! what won't she do to us! Stasie, you poor child, I'm awfully ashamed of myself. Keep on at the rudder, there's a brave girl, and try not to feel so badly. Isn't there some one else beside Uncle Peter?"

But Stasie sobbed on and on, toiling patiently at the rudder. Mapes tugged at the oars, his eyes now dancing at the absurdity of his predicament, now dark with sympathy for the weeping girl, whose grief seemed the more pitiful in the light of his mirth. For an hour they made fair progress: but the wind grew fiercer; the spray was winged with ice. Finally Mapes loosened his grasp on the oars with a groan.

"Heart giving out on me," he explained, cheerfully. "But we aren't dead yet, remember."

Stasie crept to his seat and took the oars. "I'll keep us afloat," she answered, to his whisper of protest.

Mapes dropped on the floor of the canoe. He must give his wrenched muscles and his bursting heart a moment's respite, if he would reach the shore alive. But soon he pulled Stasie from the seat and took the oars again.

"Can't let a woman do this," he said thickly. Stasie yielded without a word. Yet as he took her place she caught his arm.

"*Le voilà!*" Sharp on the verge of the St. Ignace shore a cluster of torches danced like mist-hooded stars. Across the leaping water came the muffled boom of a gun.

"*C'est* Valentine! He is come for me!"

"Life-saving crew," commented Mapes. "Well, they're just in time." He watched the yawl leap towards him across the curdling surf: he signalled dizzily. A moment more, and Stasie was clasped in Valentine's arms. "Yes," Mapes muttered, as the lake sank away from him in glimmering flame-crowned circles, "yes, they're just in time."

However, his world had regained its proper semblance by the time that they reached shore. Mapes stood up and groped in his sodden pockets. The water poured in streams from his hair and in sheets from the edge of every garment; but Mapes would be dignified though the heavens fell. "We're awfully obliged to you," he said, unevenly. "But how did you know that we were in danger? We——"

"Is'n' you tink I's goin' send you help?"

"Onc' Petaire!" Stasie tore herself from Valentine's sheathing arm.

Onc' Petaire's snowy locks lay in damp meek folds about his ears; the taily coat and the white tie had given place to borrowed trousers and a jeans shirt, far too small; but his eyes snapped with undiminished mischief from the carven hickory face.

"Ole man, he so offle bad, even the lake ain' goin' swaller him," he chuckled. "She frow me ashore, that quick I ain' fin' time to feel scare'. I is keep hol' of the rudder, an' I is save my holler till I come 'long

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shore. Then I lets her out, an' thees Valentine, he is poke 'round the beach—you better hask 'im why you's own se'f—an' when he hear dat screech, he is come out in a skiff an' hauls de ole man aboard. 'Course he is fetch' the coast guard; an' me"—he swept his audience with an inimitable gesture—"I fin' myse'f so well treat', the nex' time I come, I is swim all the way."

"Then they isn't any of you hurt, this boatload?" inquired the captain of the coast guard.

"On'y myse'f is injure'." Onc' Petaire folded his hands over his heart. "Here is Mère Boudinot, leave her dance to fix me toddy, an' Mis' Finnegan, she get me her husban's bes' clothes, an' all the girl', they come flutter roun' me so nize. Ah! How is a pore ol' man ev' goin' settle he mind?"

"What do you mean by 'this boatload'?" queried Mapes. The captain dragged a tarry hand across a leathern mouth.

"Well, we've brought quite a sprinklin' of you folks ashore to-night," he said mildly. "First, they was old Peter here, an' then three young fellers from the hotel a-huntin' a young lady who they said had started out alone. They'd shipped considable water, an' they'd broke their rudder, an' they didn't look so spruce, but I packed them up to the hotel, an' seems she was there already, an' all right. Then there came a younger feller, her brother, all by himself. Capsized an' hangin' on at the bow. He'd hollered under water more'n he needed to, but after we'd rolled him on a barrel a while, he rousted up and asked for his sister; an' come to find out, he was after the same young lady. When we told him how things was, he jes' lay back again, an' says he: 'You hustle down to the beach. Every other darn fool in Mackinac will be tryin' to cross to-night.' So that's how we come to be watchin' for ye."

"I suppose I may as well join the radiant throng," muttered Mapes. He wandered away up the beach and into the little hotel parlor. Mabel met him with a countenance scarlet yet severe. There was a howl of greeting from four very damp young men. "Pipe off de mermaid!" "Take your feet off the floor, you're spoiling the rugs!" "Any fools left where you come from?"

"You're an attractive set," remarked Miss Carter. She swept her drenched retainers with a freezing eye. "Your performance shows your appreciation of my good sense, too. As if I'd risk my life on such a trick!"

Whereat with one accord they strove to make excuse.

"You talked dead earnest." "You're always doing such things." "You left your shoe in the sand——"

"Left my shoe in the sand?"

Mapes explained, elaborately. The icy rebuke melted from her eye.

"So there was some reason in your alarm. Perhaps I ought to make the amends, after all. There's the hop Monday night."

"Give us all your dances!" shouted Mapes.

"Huh, that's only six apiece," growled Cox.

"And the one who gives that shoe to the real owner shall have every one, extras and all."

Mapes tore the shoe from his pocket with an exultant yell. The others charged down upon him madly, but he leaped through the low window, and reached Stasie on the portico a bare yard ahead of his pursuers.

"*Non pas, s'il vous plait,*" spoke Valentine with frosty dignity. "I is much oblige', gentlemen, but nobody 'ceptin' me is goin' put on my wive's shoe, 'long as I has hands to do it wis."

He took the slipper from Mapes's hand and put it on.

"Me, I is ver' sorry to see you disappoint' like that," condoned Onc' Petaire, as the baffled suitors turned away. "But you is gone at thees ting wrong, stern-foremost. Always you mus' run, an' let thees women follow, if that you hope to get anywhere, 'tall. In present, Valentine he is runned away, hein? An' *voilà* Stasie, she is chase' after him. It ain' no use; so long as Stasie she is set out to follow him, you is jus' waste you' time when you try follow her."

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THE MAKING OF A COUNTRY HOME.

By J. P. Mowbray ("J. P. M."),

Author of "A Journey to Nature."

CHAPTER IX.

THE RAISING OF THE ROOF.

"MR. RIDABOK, I understand from Mr. Braddock that you are one of those sensible men who would rather work for fifteen dollars a week for six months, than work two days out of the week for three dollars and a half a day. Am I right?"

"I d' know as you are," said Mr. Ridabok. "I'm one of them men as thinks his work is worth its price."

"In that I agree with you entirely. I shouldn't wonder if it was worth more than the prevailing price. But that's not the question with me. I have fifteen dollars a week to spend and no more, and I must find a good man who is worth a good deal more, but will take all I've got and be satisfied with it. Are you that kind of a man?"

"I d' know as I am," said Mr. Ridabok. "What is it you want to do?"

"Rebuild this house," replied John.

"And you hev some doubts about your hevin' money enough."

"Not a doubt in the world," said John, "if I can do it my way. You see you have a great advantage of me. You have a great deal of skill, and I have only a small salary. I was thinking if we met half way, I could get the benefit of your skill and you could get some of my salary."

Mr. Ridabok looked around at the old-fashioned room critically.

"Thinkin' of makin' a contract?"

"No, only an agreement, to work by the week. Cash every Saturday. When my money gives out, you stop. I'll furnish the ideas and money, you do the work and ask no questions."

"Gimme an idea of what you want to do."

John put the plans before him. Together they studied them inch by inch. One man was reticent, patient, careful, mathematical; the other was explanatory, voluble, enthusiastic—built the house several times, in fact, in the air, while the carpenter was figuring.

"It's goin' to cost you 'bout a thousand dollars," said Mr. Ridabok at last, as he held a two-foot rule in front of him and counted the inches.

John gave a little gulp. "How much of it for lumber and other material?"

Mr. Ridabok fell to figuring again. "I should say roughly about seven hundred dollars. I'll have to go over it carefully."

"Don't you think that it will be a fine-looking gentleman's place when it is finished?" asked John, holding up the plans.

"Make a nice house," said Mr. Ridabok guardedly. "When did you think of starting in?"

"Now. Suppose you just figure the stuff in feet. I'll have the first load up here tomorrow, and Mart can bring your tool chest up in the wagon. Then while you are getting out the lumber I'll have the foundation of the extension and bay put in. You can then rattle on the roof with a helper, close in the whole thing before frost, and work inside when the winter comes."

Mr. Ridabok said nothing. He was figuring. It seemed to John that he was unpardonably slow. But it did not occur to John that he might also be pardonably sure. Finally the schedule, made with a blunt pencil and not as correct in its orthography as in its mathematics, stood out as follows:

Rafters	912 ft.	
Roof boards	16,800 ft.	
Plates	218 ft.	
Siding	700 ft.	
Studding	175 ft.	
Estimated cost of lumber		$300 00
Shingles—56 bundles		67 00
Bay Window—sash and glass		100 00
Nails		18 00
Carpenter work		300 00
		$785 00
Add mason work		100 00
Total		$885 00

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John looked at this result with a double feeling of shrinkage and exultation. But as Mr. Ridabok said nothing about accepting the job, and went on interesting himself in the details, John came to the conclusion that he intended to accept the terms on condition that they were not mentioned again. Practical men have their little intuitions as well as women. Mr. Ridabok managed to convey the idea that he adjusted himself to the condition under compulsion. In fact, it was understood without words that, so far as the world was concerned, he was to get three dollars and a half a day, and if he didn't get it nobody would be the wiser; and this point got over with the acumen of silence, Mr. Ridabok went away saying: "I s'pose you'll send for that chist in the mornin'."

When he was gone John stood with contradictory feelings on the edge of his accomplishment, and felt all the exhilaration of a pioneer with some of the misgivings of an amateur.

He had five hundred dollars put by for the mortgage, but the mortgage had four years to run; and he could squeeze the other five hundred piecemeal out of his salary in six months. It was as plain as a pikestaff. He could always renew a trivial mortgage of five hundred dollars on a house that he had spent a thousand on. Lucy was quite right when she said that a man must take some chances if he expected to make a hit.

Many a man before John Dennison had, with the noblest intention, put his foot on this delusive ground, and found when the time came that he had miscalculated. John knew that well enough, but if he was not a speculator in the ordinary sense of that word, neither was he a sentimentalist. He figured it all out to himself as quite within the allowable scope of a discreet ambition. He would keep everything else down to a minimum of expense until he had accomplished this purpose. It is only fair to him to say that he knew that many men had done this also.

This interview took place on the 26th of August. In two weeks an enormous pile of lumber had been stored up adjacent to the workshop. Mr. Ridabok was working away at the material, and the two-feet foundations were in for the bay and the extension of the dining-room.

John looked on with eager satisfaction. A disaster to himself would now ruin all, and his affairs would be in a worse plight than when he started. But what young man who sets out to run a race calculates the chances of paralysis or lightning? One thing would have made matters more comfortable, he thought. He missed his wife during the first week. He wanted a confidante and partner in the preparation; somebody whom he could talk it all over with step by step; the wife could have shown her belief in the result through her faith in him. He thought he was entitled to this, and he had certainly counted on it. At the end of a week Lucy came back. He met her at the railway station in the city, and they came home together. Her appearance surprised him a little. Man-like, he thought she looked younger, and that piqued him. The fact is, she didn't—she only looked gayer. In matters of appearance men cannot always distinguish between piquancy of manner and freshness of condition. She wore a new and exhilarating hat, and her conversation was dressed in a fresh volubility.

"Well, you dear old drudge," she said, "you never came near me all the time I was in the city, did you? And you knew I had so many things to tell you—what are you staring at—my hat? Isn't it becoming? It's Kate's. How's Harold? I suppose the dear old homestead and the dear old red mud are just the same. Isn't it awfully hot?"

"The hat certainly becomes you," said John, "but I should think it would be more comfortable if it were your own."

"Don't be foolish, dear. I couldn't afford to pay for a hat like that, and Kate has all kinds sent over to her just to try. I don't believe you are glad to see me one bit."

"Oh, yes, I am," replied John, "but I'm not as glad to see you one bit, as I would be to see you every day."

"Really. Everything is torn up, I suppose, as usual."

"Worse than ever. I've had the stonemasons there, and now the carpenter is come."

"How nice. When will they get through? How's Medusa? Don't you want to know how Wes is getting on?"

"Oh, I know," said John. "Wes can only get on in one way. It's humiliating to confess it, but it isn't my way. Is that dandy waist Kate's too?"

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"How mean you can be, and you haven't seen me for a week."

And so on, buzz, buzz, till they drove in at their own gate, and without looking at the foundations or the lumber, Lucy ran into the house and began to hug and kiss the family, seriatim, ending up with a superfluous demonstration on Medusa.

It was with some misgiving that John learned of his wife's intention to return to the city. "Yes," she said, aiming her explanation at her mother; "I left Kate down with the sick headache, and she made me promise to come back and stay until she got better. It would be too mean to leave her alone in that big house and she all used up."

But this information was softened with so much sudden interest in the details of John's work that he did not get a chance to upbraid her. "You must show me the foundations," she said, "and explain everything. And I want to see the lumber—oh, yes, how's the cistern, is that all right? You will explain everything, John, won't you?"

There was not the slightest suspicion in John's mind that her vivacious efforts to act as if she had been away six months were a little overdone, and that she might be crowding as much of a disagreeable duty as possible into a small space so as to get away to the city as soon as she could. So he kept his temper. How could he do otherwise when a warm arm was locked in his, and there was a purring accompaniment of "my dears," and she wanted to know just how big the bay would be, and expressed unbounded delight at a dining-room that was as yet safely hidden in John's imagination, and even showed an unnatural interest in the pup, that had now grown to be a long suspicious animal that had to be kept chained in the stable, and that put his head down and lifted his lip to show a white tooth warningly when she said, "Why, you beautiful dog." And then how she bubbled over with her city experiences. They were so naïve, so prettily trivial against the hard details of home building, that his wife seemed to John to be in a twitter, like a bird coming out of freedom to a new cage.

"What do you think," she said, "Holcomb came to the house to call, and delighted everybody with his spirits and his voice. He is a regular visitor there now, and he has written a comic opera—think of that—Mexican or something, full of the most delightful chirrups. He taught me the 'Bandits' Chorus,' for I couldn't get the melody out of my head. It goes like this; wait till I show you," and she lit on the piano stool and began to play and sing a chorus.

"'We're vaqueros in the Summer,
And toreadors in the Fall,
And caballeros gayly when we sing.
We have soft Castilian names,
And we play at parlor games,
But we're very nasty bandits in the Spring.'"

"Isn't it jolly? You should hear Holcomb sing it with a sombrero on."

Mother wanted to know what it meant, and John's ear, which was not of the best, failed to catch what Lucy called the swing of it, which would have piqued her if she had not been self-set on amiability, for there is really something discouraging in having a husband who does not exult in a pretty woman's bravado and saucy declaration that she is a very nasty bandit in the spring.

"Oh, well, dear," she said, jumping up with the same alacrity; "you don't care for music, do you, and you want to talk to me about the cistern, don't you?"

"I should like to have you go over the accounts with me," said John. "I want to show you just where we stand, what has been done, and what we are to expect."

"Oh, give me a breathing spell, dear. Everything is going all right, I am sure. The place looks just lovely, and it's going to be beautiful when it's finished, and I suppose it will be finished some time, John. That reminds me, we ought to have the house heated by steam—you don't know how convenient it is."

When Tilka put before her at breakfast some fresh mushrooms on toast, her astonishment was great. "Why, where did you get the champignons? Kate sent all over town for some, and when she got them the cook spoiled them. Aren't they lovely?"

"Mart raises them in the stable," said John, "in an escritoire, and therefore they ought to be French, but they are not. They are solid American mushrooms."

"Kate had so much trouble with her cook that she discharged her."

"And did the cooking herself, I suppose," added John.

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"Oh, no; she abolished the cooking, too."

"Abolished it? How about the eating? She didn't abolish that, did she, with Holcomb coming there regularly?"

"Had the food sent in," said Lucy. "It's altogether more convenient and less mussy. Kate couldn't stand the smells from the kitchen. I think it affected her neuralgia. Think of the worry and fuss we got rid of. When it comes time to eat, she says, 'Shall we go out, or have it sent in?' and if one doesn't feel like dressing, it's an awful convenience. You just ring the call and write out your order."

"That's a great advantage," said John. "You never know what it costs till it's too late to correct it. I suppose Kate thinks it is one of the modern conveniences, like cramp."

"Why, what do you mean, John?"

"I mean," replied John, "that our mushrooms have no bills behind them, or sick headaches. They are the common American kind, and won't keep you awake nights, so they are not a modern convenience."

"How preachy he is getting to be, isn't he, Mother?"

"I suppose," said Mother, "that Kate buys all her preserves ready put up at the store." She said this with well-guarded disdain for such a proceeding.

"Preserves—gracious, no. I don't think city people care for them. She keeps rillettes and pâtés in the house for a quick tiffin—John, we must lay in some rillettes; they're delicious and so convenient if anybody drops in. Only twenty-five cents a can—you know rillettes."

"Never heard of them," said John. "Do they grow on bushes or in drills?"

"How ridiculous you are."

"Ain't I?" responded John, submerging his grammar in his other ignorance. "Do you know, if I keep on at these homely improvements long enough, that I will get to believe that ordinary sagacity grows on shrubs and can be picked by the quart. I suppose I'll have to go down to the Astor House Rotunda and get some fresh ideas about life."

Then Lucy let off such a roulade of genuine laughter that John, despite his unsympathetic ear, fell into the refrain of it with a weak smile.

When, a day or two later, Lucy went away, she hugged and kissed Harold, and said to John with a little extra effusiveness before she left him, "Now, do hurry up, dear, and get things to rights so that we can invite our friends."

And this sounded to John, after she had gone, very much as if she would bring Holcomb with her when she came back.

Then the late drouth set in. John could not quite divest himself of the notion that it was in some way associated with the absence of his wife. She had taken all the humidity with her. He had to acknowledge to Mother that it would be some relief to hear her sing that absurd "Bandits' Chorus" in the evening.

What was his surprise to hear Mother say: "John, I wouldn't worry if I were you. Girls have to learn some things as well as men. It's best to have them go away and learn them as soon as possible. They are generally more comfortable afterwards."

"What things?" asked John.

"Well," replied Mother, as she held out a spoonful of grape jelly to cool before tasting it, "one of them is that everything that glitters ain't gold, and sometimes not even good gilt. Lucy was always pretty quick with her lessons, but she had to have 'em put before her. You just go on and have patience."

This sounded slightly oracular, and John wondered if a mother might not have some advantage of him in her knowledge of Lucy's character.

"The city is a great temptation to a young and lively woman like Lucy," he said tentatively.

"So it is," said Mother; "but temptations are the best kind of lessons, after all, when a young woman has had the right bringing up. Lucy will get her dose of it, and come back to her milk like a good cat—and speaking of cats, John, you never brought me up those condition powders for Medusa. The poor thing tries to drink her milk, but it goes against her."

Whatever encouragement the mother had intended to convey was thus neutralized unintentionally by the cat. Not long after, when John walked out to his shop to take an inspiring look at his pile of lumber, he found the bull terrier fastened to a staple by a three-foot chain, drawn out to its extreme length as the dog tried to get at the cat, that had sat down just a foot beyond its reach, and glared with the disdain of

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composure at the terrier's endeavors to get at her. That was the superior feline opinion of the dog, the chain, Sprague, and the master's provision. Mart, who was leaning on the window-sill of the stable watching the two brutes, informed John complacently that the cat came every day and sat down just a foot beyond the reach of the chain with unperturbed defiance, and when the terrior made a leap for her and was brought up with a cruel jerk, the cat never turned a hair, but seemed to ask, with profound placidity, how his neck felt.

"It's all right," said Mart. "When she has made up her mind that it's perfectly safe, I'll loosen the staple. I wanted to speak to you, sir, about the garden. You've been so busy lately that you haven't thought much about it."

"There's nothing the matter with the garden, is there?"

"Nothing in particular, sir, only I can't keep up with it. I thought you'd like to see how your waterworks come out. S'pose you walk down the slope to the melons."

John followed him down through the overgrown garden paths, and let him do most of the talking. As they stood on the edge of the last terrace, Mart said: "Fields pretty gray on either side, sir. Look at them tomattusses, sir—early Freedoms. There's only twelve bushes, but they're dandies." He plucked one and handed it to John. "That's good enough for a prize," said he. "I thought you'd like to see whether the waterworks paid."

John sat down on the edge of the terrace and dandled the big tomato admiringly. Mart continued: "You told me to get rid of all the stuff we could not use, and I've sold two bushels of them."

"You don't say so."

"Yes, sir. S'pose you step down and look at the Delmonico melons. There was enough for five families, so I got rid of all we couldn't use."

"Sold 'em?"

"Yes. I wanted to speak to you about it, but you were so busy with your house that I didn't like to bother you. There's the account, sir," and Mart pulled out a little book and handed it to John, who ran his eye down the following list:

100 melons	$5 00
2 bushels tomatoes	3 00
8 quarts lima beans	80
2 bushels early potatoes	3 00
30 bunches early onions	$1 25
40 quarts blackberries	3 20
100 cucumbers	1 00
40 bunches white Milan turnips	1 00
45 bunches lettuce	2 20
20 bunches beets	1 00
10 cabbages	40
20 cauliflowers	2 00
100 sweet corn	2 00
2 pecks butter beans	50
25 summer squashes	1 20
25 egg plants	2 50
1 quart sweet peppers	20
20 bunches radishes	60
Total	$30 85

"A man would never get rich on market gardening, Mart," said John.

"Well, sir," replied Mart a little resentfully, "there's a good many ways of gettin' a livin' that ain't so profitable in the end. I'll get twenty dollars more out of that garden before the frost hurts it, and then there's a good row of celery started that you can't eat even if you have that city chap with you. Considerin' that there wasn't much done to the garden, and you've been livin' off it for three months, and I'll have a pretty good cellar full of stuff for the winter, it seems to me that it's a fine showin' of what you could do with it if you give it some attention. There ain't anybody round here has got such tomattusses as them, sir, and we might just as well hed ten bushels as two to sell, when we got that water in. Everybody's tomattusses were burnt up two weeks ago, and Pop Swarthout, he's pullin' water from the brook to do his washin'."

"And how much do you calculate you can get out of the garden next year—if you have your own way?"

"Well, I ain't settin' no figures, Mr. Dennison. But you can see for yourself what it's been doin', and what it might have done if I hadn't given so much time to other things. I s'pose you'll be through buildin' next season?"

"I hope so," said John, laughing.

"Well, sir, if you don't mind takin' a bit of advice, I'd invest that fifty dollars in fertilizer this fall, and, take my word for it, it will turn you up seventy-five per cent. for the investment, and mebbe a hundred. Why, sir, there's a hundred dollars a year in them berries if they was cut out and doubled up."

"Mart," said John, "your mushrooms were a great success this morning at break-

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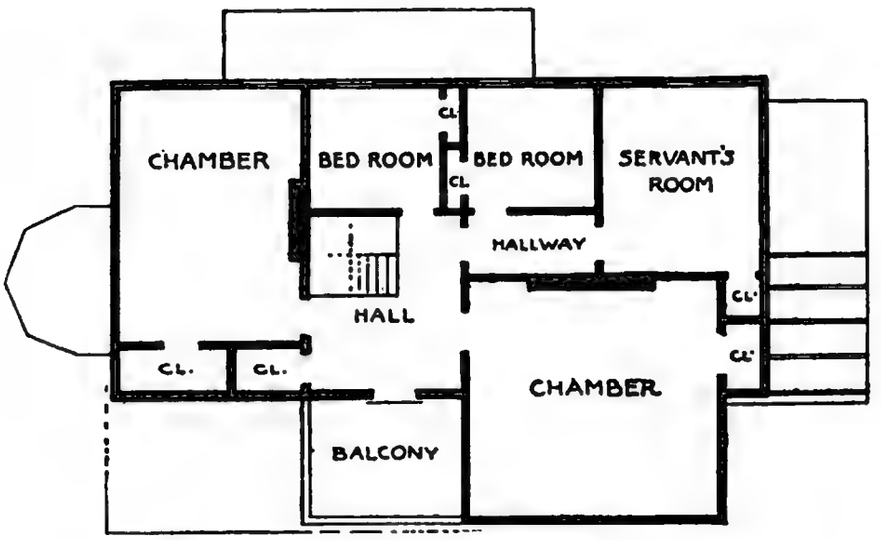
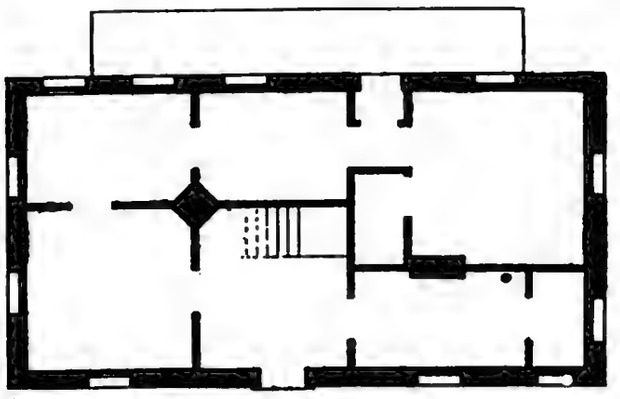
fast. It must have taken you a good while to bring them about."

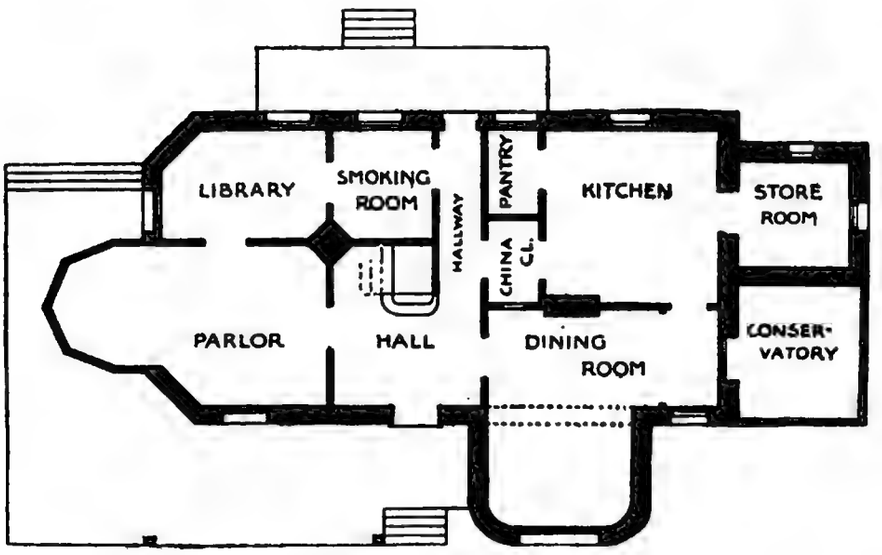
"Not at all, sir. It didn't take fifteen minutes' work. If you'll step up to the stable I'll show you."



PLAN OF THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE ALTERED HOUSE.



GROUND PLAN OF THE HOUSE BEFORE ALTERATIONS.



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR OF THE ALTERED HOUSE.

And true enough, when they got there, Mart went up to the old bureau that he had bought at the auction, and pulled out one of the drawers. It disclosed a bed of mushrooms thickly growing over its whole surface.

"I just put in a few shovelfuls of manure and soil in each drawer, sowed a little spawn, and there you are. They like the dark, sir, and I calkerlate there's a breakfast in each drawer for some time to come. Lord, sir, you couldn't eat all the mushrooms that bureau will produce. I used to keep a piece of furniture like that in my cellar before I came to this country. It was meat and vegetables."

"Mart," said John reflectively, "let me tell you what I wish you'd do. Just make up a basketful of the best things you've got in the garden, and put some of the mushrooms on top. I'd like to send a basketful down to my friends in the city. I think it would surprise them."

Acting on this suggestion, they filled a basket with the best of their produce—melons, cucumbers, cauliflower, lettuce, egg plant, tomatoes, and mushrooms—and they both regarded it with genuine pride. When John went to the city, he took it with him, and sent it up by messenger to Wesley's establishment, with a card in it simply inscribed, "From the Homestead."

"That will open their eyes," said Mart. "City people don't get such fresh stuff as that, I'll be bound." To which John merely replied: "Yes, that ought to make Mrs. Dennison homesick."

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The September drouth was upon them when Mr. Ridabok announced that he was ready to take the roof off. The country was lying sear and arid. The little river at the foot of the hill had shrunk to a rivulet. The roads everywhere were powdery and stifling, and the bordering trees and hedgerows were ashen with the dust. Most of the wells in the neighborhood had given out, and nature was staggering with a prolonged thirst.

"We'll get a couple of weeks of this," said Mr. Ridabok, "and we'll make those shingles fly before it rains."

He picked up two farm-hands who could shingle, and with John's and Mart's assistance there was quite a gang of lively workmen one morning hard at it when Sprague and May Braddock stopped in the pony phaeton to admire the scene, and Sprague, standing up in the vehicle, shouted, "Lovely! lovely!"

John now began to taste some of the rewards of his persistence and foresight. Mr. Swarthout came and looked over the stone fence in his shirt sleeves, with a real interest in the work and a persistent ignoring of the only garden in the neighborhood that was not burnt up. He had been known to remark that people who eat muskmelons and mushrooms for breakfast are, as a rule, "foolin' with their innards." He did not say that slap-jacks and rye coffee were the original paradisiacal regimen, but there was a large and self-satisfied intimation of that sort in his face.

That week of arduous work was long remembered by John, less on account of its stress than on account of its zest and animation. There were many surprises in it and some little setbacks, but in spite of all, the doing was like a merrymaking. It is true, the chimneys had to be built up four feet to accommodate the new pitch of the roof, and Mr. Ridabok had overlooked this in his calculations, a little omission that added thirty-five dollars to the original estimate. Then, too, the cypress shingles had to be changed for stained shingles, when John began to realize how raw that new roof would look on those old walls; but the celerity with which the external transformation was effected under his eye made him blindly buoyant, and he worked untiringly with an ardor that he often thought of afterwards, as he asked himself what he had been doing with all his spare time before this task was undertaken.

More than anything else, the newly discovered friendliness of his neighbors helped him out. As soon as Mr. Swarthout understood the exigency of the case, he brought his team and man over and offered to do all the hauling, and another neighbor, who was passing, came in and lent a hand. This kind of assistance was the usual thing among these people. It seemed to be the remains of an old custom of house-raising, and as Mr. Ridabok had everything ready to fit into its place, it was not long before the new sky-line of the improved house rose up with fresh dignity among the trees, and John saw his dream emerge from the paper and lift itself with new pride before his eyes.

"Now, then," said Mr. Ridabok, "if we can get the sash in on that bay while this weather lasts, I kalkerlate you'll be all hunky dory. I'll have the deck on that bay day after to-morrow, and if you could have the glass into them sash all ready, that room will be tight and ready to use. It won't take long to put a coat of priming on."

Then John became a glazier. He took a few instructions from Mr. Ridabok how to sprig in the glass with a chisel and how to use a putty knife, and when he had the hang of it he worked with much lightness of heart in his shop long after the lights were out in the house.

During this week of hard work John's mother-in-law rose to quiet heights of patient endurance that elicited his unbounded respect. Mrs. Swarthout had invited her to come over with the boy and stay at the farm-house till the roof was on, but Mother stuck to the ship, sleeping now on the lounge, now on chairs, and even on the floor, going from room to room as the work exposed apartment after apartment, keeping an equable temper, and looking after the household duties with an unperturbed patience, so that John slowly began to forgive her even the cat.

But just as he had reached this reasonable condition, an accident occurred that came like an evil omen and filled him with self-reproaches. He was working away at his frames when an unearthly scream startled him. He rushed out upon the grass and saw in a flash what had occurred.

Mart had loosened the staple.

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The bull terrier had Medusa by the throat, and was giving her the final shake as John came up. He was too late. The cat's inquiries as to how the dog's neck felt were hushed forever, for its own neck was broken, and there was Mart leaning on the window-sill of the stable contemplating the disaster as coolly as if he had long contemplated it.

John picked the dead animal up, carried it into the stable, and laid it tenderly on the feed-box.

"Go and chain that dog up," he said to Mart with a gruffness he had never before used.

Fortunately Lucy's mother was at that moment over at the Swarthout house, but in spite of her ignorance of the affair, John felt an unexpected twinge of compunction in having thus requited her for her faithfulness.

In spite of himself and the noisy assurance of a robin that the deed was all right and proper, it looked to him like a stroke of ill-luck.

Have you never noticed that as soon as a man admits this superstitious notion, something turns up to corroborate it?

John walked to the house moodily, and just as he reached the door, a telegram from the city was put into his hand, and this is what it said:

Lucy sick. Come at once.

KATE.

(To be continued.)

A LESSON IN DEMOCRACY.

By Eleanor Hoyt.

Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws.

"HE'S wild to meet you," bubbled young Mrs. Winston.

Nancy elevated her chin slightly, and looked volumes of indifference.

"English, you said?"

"Yes," replied the matron rapturously.

"And titled?"

"Oh, yes. Of course, he's only a Baronet, but it's a very good old family."

"I don't care to meet him."

Nancy's tone was conclusive.

Mrs. Winston gasped.

"Why, Nancy! Refuse to meet a new man?"

"My dear, I've borne much at the hands of my married friends. I've helped them entertain cowboys and Indians and anarchists and poets and Bostonians. Whenever there has been a San Juan to storm I've been called in and have led the charge. But I must draw the line somewhere. In England I will do as the English do. I will flirt with Englishmen because there are no other men available—and, incidentally, because the English girls don't like it; but, in a land literally flowing with masculine milk and honey, to deliberately devote an evening to an Englishman? Never!"

"But, my dear, he's perfectly lovely."

"Elizabeth, I know that you've already married me to the Baronet, have been invited to visit at the castle (has he a castle?), and are having tea on the terrace, beyond the yew walk. But, my dear, you've got to tumble your luggage out of that pink guest-chamber and give up your Hunt Ball. I know those Englishmen. I've spent two summers over there. I've scoured the country for the brilliant, fascinating Englishmen of the novels, and the Englishwomen with French clothes and morals. I didn't find either. The Englishman makes love badly, and the Englishwoman dresses badly. Neither can be saved. I won't meet your lion. I'm positive he couldn't roar."

"But, Nancy, I promised him."

"The moral of that is, don't count your Anglomania before it is hatched."

"Nancy, there are times when—well, my dear, when you are actually a wee bit vulgar."

"I should hope so," said Nancy cheerfully.

The bell rang violently. The cook appeared at the library door, looking like a large wine-jelly in imminent danger of collapse.

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"Shure it's a letther the bye's afther bringin'," she explained.

Mrs. Winston took the letter and opened it. Horror wrote itself upon every line of her pretty face, and her fluffy pompadour visibly rose.

"It's from John. He's bringing him to-night."

"The Baronet?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's good. If I were you I'd want to have it over."

"But Mary has gone. I've no maid. Oh, what an idiot John is!"

"Can't Nora cook and serve too?"

"Serve?" Mrs. Winston's voice expressed the scorn of scorns. "Serve! Look at her. She'd fill the dining-room and ooze out at the windows. There'd be no room for us. She'd stick between the chairs and the wall. She never had on a pair of corsets in her life. She can't breathe with her sleeves rolled down. She'd drop everything she touched. She don't know a carafe from a giraffe. She wheezes like a grampus. Wouldn't she be a treat to a man who is used to flunkies behind all the chairs?"

"She would," agreed Nancy fervently.

"No; I'll have to go and get somebody. But there's no time. Oh, if I had John here! My dear, don't ever marry. Even the best men are absolutely devoid of consideration for their wives. Thank heaven the dinner is all right. I ordered what I knew you'd like. I'll change the wines. There's never any use wasting good wine on a woman. But the maid! Oh, Nancy, what *shall* I do?"

The woman who was to entertain a live Baronet fell back among the sofa's pillows and groaned aloud.

"Well, it *is* a pity to be married to a brute," said Nancy feelingly.

That brought her friend to a sitting posture.

"I'd like to know what you mean by that. John is the most considerate man in the world. It's odd if a man can't invite a friend to his own house. How could you expect a man to remember domestic details in the midst of all his rush of business?"

"Exactly," brawled Nancy, with a provoking grin, and the young wife looked foolish.

Suddenly Nancy's eyes began to twinkle and her dimples became aggressive.

"Elizabeth, I'll meet your Englishman."

"But that won't help me in the servant dilemma."

"Just won't it! Elizabeth Winston, I shall serve that dinner!"

"B-b-but," stammered the hostess.

"But me no buts. I'm adorable in a cap and apron. It has been the regret of my life that I couldn't adopt them for ordinary house-wear. I've an outfit that I used at the cooking-class. It was such a howling success that I used to spoil my puddings by weeping salt tears into them because the class wasn't coeducational."

The girl's enthusiasm was contagious. Her friend was beginning to take a more cheerful view of life.

"But, Nancy, do you know how?"

"Do I know how, is it? Faith, I'm the finest ever. I'm warranted smooth-running, noiseless, tidy, honest—and no followers. They all walk with me."

The new maid executed a few steps and wound up with a respectful curtsy.

"Is it engaged I am?"

"John can never keep his face straight."

"John's a dear. He'll have the time of his life."

"You'll be sure to make blunders."

"My dear mistress, if your Baronet isn't a mummy, he'll not know whether I'm pouring pomade or cider vinegar for him by the time the *entrée* comes on. He is going to get valuable side-lights on American domestic affairs. He'll want to rent the castle and come to New York to live after he sees the American domestic on her native heath. Ring for a cab, honey. I'm going home to don my war paints. I'll bring your flowers for you. Dinner at seven?"

"Seven-thirty."

"I'll be here to meet the noble Baronet and help him off with his galoshes. *Auf wiedersehen.*"

She was off in a frou-frou of silk petticoats and excitement, and Mrs. Winston wandered toward the kitchen, shaking her head, yet smiling, the while. Nancy's friends have unswerving confidence in her prowess.

At seven o'clock the new maid appeared, and enthusiastically hugged her mistress.

"I'll go in your room, ma'am, and put on my apron and cap."

"I got John on the telephone, Nancy, and told him. I was afraid he'd make a scene when you opened the door."

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"'I'LL MEET YOUR ENGLISHMAN.'"

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"THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY A VISION."

"What did he say?"

"Say! He howled. I couldn't wait to hear what he would say when he got his breath, so I rang off."

When Mr. Winston rang his own door-bell, at fifteen minutes past seven, the door was opened by a vision that made the good-looking Englishman with him drop his monocle, and then fish feebly for it and readjust it.

Nancy had not been a false prophet. She was adorable. Her light hair curled in distracting waves from under the most becoming of caps. Her plain black frock and coquettish apron set off her figure to perfection. Her cheeks were pink with excitement. Her eyes were even more mischievous than usual, which was a work of supererogation. Her dimples were struggling valiantly to assert themselves, and give the lie to the beautiful demureness of her lips.

The Baronet stared. Then, involuntarily, he turned, and looked with mild speculation at his friend Winston. Guilty embarrassment was written in every line of his host's face. A gleam of pity for Mrs. Winston dawned in the Baronet's heart, and he discreetly shifted his glance once more to the maid. After all, he admitted to himself, Winston would be more than human if—— Nancy took the Englishman's coat and hat. He wore no galoshes.

"I'll run up and get into a dinner-coat, old man," said Winston, still struggling with confusion.

"Show Sir Henry into the drawing-room, and call Mrs. Winston," he added in choked tones.

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"Yes, sir," said the maid respectfully; but Sir Henry, looking up suddenly, intercepted a most deliberate and meaning wink, which the reprehensible young woman was delivering to the departing Winston.

She blushed. The Baronet looked unseeing, and followed her into the front room. As she turned to go he stood between the portières, and looked down at her admiringly. She hesitated, blushed more deeply. He stooped forward——

"I'll call Mrs. Winston, sir," said an irate voice, from a young woman who vanished through a door at the other end of the room, but the face that looked back at him was dimpling gayly; so Sir Henry smoothed his mustache and tried not to look more foolish than was prescribed in nature's original plan.

"It is too bad," said Mrs. Winston as she led the way to the dining-room ten minutes later. "I sent for Nancy, but couldn't have her. You see, I ordered the table laid for four, in the hope that she would come. You really must meet her, Sir Henry. She's quite worth while."

"'I'LL CALL MRS. WINSTON, SIR!'"

Sir Henry was deciding that pink candlelight really made the Winstons' maid absurdly pretty, but he murmured polite regret.

"Your young women are charming—charming," he said; "but I feel no sense of loss to-night."

He bent gallantly toward his hostess, but sent a swift glance toward the slender girl behind her chair. The gray eyes met his for a fraction of an instant. Then the soft lashes fell, and only the dimples were conscious.

Winston took up the tale.

"Yes, you really should know Nancy," he said with deep conviction. "She's a liberal education to any man, imported or domestic. She's delightful, you know, but plays the very deuce with hearts. I understand her boudoir has a frieze of scalps, and she keeps her open fire going, all winter, with no fuel but written proposals. Flirt! Nancy would flirt with a snow man. What's more, he'd thaw, even if the temperature were thirty degrees below zero."

Sir Henry noticed that the maid, who was filling the glasses, had flushed furiously. While he watched her she raised her eyes and shot one vindictive look at the host, who received it with imperturbable serenity.

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"Jealous," thought the Baronet. "Surely when the thing is as open as this, his wife must see it. Well-bred little woman to bluff it out so placidly."

"I don't think I would care for your irresistible young woman," he said with a touch of hostility in his tone. "I'm not fond of that sort of girl. Of course I understand that, being your friend, she is undoubtedly delightful, but personally I've a deep-rooted objection to the emancipated modern girl. We have the type in England. You seem to have more specimens of it here, though I'll admit your girls are more attractive than ours. I've an old-fashioned taste for a simple, unworldly type of girl, who doesn't flirt with every man she meets and commonize herself in doing it."

Winston choked painfully on a fish-bone, and his wife unfeelingly laughed at him.

"Try a bread-crust," advised Sir Henry with polite concern.

The dinner went smoothly. The waitress was as deft as she was pretty, and the guest had to take himself mentally by the throat in order to keep himself from following her every moment with his eyes. He was distrait, and his share of the conversation trailed off into inanities whenever the maid was within his range of vision.

Once or twice he pulled himself up with a round turn, conscious that some one had asked him a question, but absolutely in the dark as to what the question was. He stumbled out of the predicament as best he could, and inwardly cursed himself for a fool; but there was one little shining lock that fell over her left temple and fluttered there as she moved about. He wanted to brush it back, and yet knew he would miss it if it were suppressed. Then those dimples. One of them was but a hint of a dimple. It was constantly hovering on the verge of self-revealing, yet it never deepened and showed what it could do. If the demure lips would only smile that dimple would surely develop maddeningly. If he only dared make her smile. Then he wondered what he could say that would make her smile. Nothing, under the circumstances. Of course a maid could not show that she listened to the conversation. But if he were alone with her, if she weren't a maid, if— Oh, by Jove, what a bally ass he was making of himself!

Just as he reached this unflattering conclusion she lifted her long lashes and gave him one direct look—half-mocking, half-serious, wholly disconcerting. He felt himself flush to the roots of his hair. He had an awful conviction that he was looking like a fatuous fool. He set his wine-glass down hastily.

The maid came to his side to fill it. He noticed how white and beautiful her hands were, and how exquisitely her wrists were moulded. She used violet perfume—a very delicate, subtle violet.

"Don't you think so, Sir Henry?" asked Mrs. Winston's voice from some far-away world.

"Yes, indeed," declared the Baronet earnestly.

"Still it's odd for an Englishman to feel that way about it."

"Oh, I don't know," stammered the Baronet. He doesn't yet know to what heresy against race and class he had committed himself.

Fortunately Mrs. Winston loved nothing better than the sound of her own voice, and the guest hoped that his own preoccupation would pass unnoticed. Winston, to be sure, didn't say much, but he laughed a great deal. Sir Henry felt that it would be easy for him to dislike his host. Winston had seemed a very good fellow in London, and he had been very decent about his New York clubs and all that; but he appeared rather foolish at his own table. A fellow needn't grin like a Cheshire cat in order to appear amiable.

Then, too, a married man really ought to pull up a bit. He certainly owed something to his wife. He had no right to carry on an affair with a maid in his own home. It was not only immoral; it was deuced bad taste.

The Baronet worked himself into a fine glow of virtuous indignation and looked sternly at Winston. Then he tried to look sternly at the disreputable young person, but the effort was a lamentable failure. She happened to be looking at him, and their eyes met.

After all, a young and pretty girl might be foolish and easily flattered without meaning any harm. She was such a child. Unquestionably it was all Winston's fault. Winston was a cad. Some one ought to warn her.

He glared at the genial host, who was cheerfully consuming his salad, and, though a gay Lothario, did not look the part.

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"'I'VE CHANGED MY MIND,' SAID THE BARONET."

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"You've a brother somewhere over here, haven't you?" asked Winston.

"Half-brother, in Canada," said Sir Henry.

"You'll see him?"

"Oh, yes."

He hadn't intended to visit Jack, but he would—yes, certainly he would. Of course Jack was the black sheep; but then, after all, what had he done? A *mésalliance*—game-keeper's daughter. Jack ought to have known better, but the governor had cut up pretty rough. There was no use turning the boy out without a shilling. Probably the girl was pretty. Sir Henry had never thought much about it. He had been in Cambridge at the time, and he had never known Jack well. But now he had the running of things, he must look Jack up and do something for him. A man had a right to marry the woman he loved—but he ought to consider the family. Yes, a man must consider the family. Oh, Lord! what was he going into all that for?

"You are going West, after big game, when you leave here?" Mrs. Winston was asking.

"Yes, I leave to-morrow."

"Why, I thought—" began Winston, surprised.

"I've had letters," insisted the Baronet firmly. "I'm obliged to go to-morrow."

"Too bad, old man. You've not done New York yet. You haven't met Nancy. Still, hunting may be better than being hunted. On the whole, perhaps you've chosen the better part. The Indians don't go in for scalps now. You'll be safer among them."

"John," said Mrs. Winston sternly. Winston certainly did seem to be rather an ass, thought the guest. Perhaps he ought not to drink at all.

The table was cleared. The coffee came on. Sir Henry took his cigar and looked questioningly at his hostess.

"You'll not let us drive you away?"

"Oh, no, I'm used to smoke. John smokes like a furnace. Now, if Nancy were only here to help me chatter. We do need a pretty girl in that vacant chair."

"How would I do, ma'am?" asked a sweet, velvety voice.

Mrs. Winston gasped and was speechless.

"That's the very thing, Mary. You'll fill the bill. Sit down," said Winston heartily.

The maid slipped into the chair opposite the Baronet, and smiled at him across the roses.

His monocle fell into his coffee with a splash, and he made a fruitless effort to pull himself together.

"This is a democratic country, you know, old man," said Winston jovially. "We don't go in for class distinctions as you do in England—and she *is* a pretty girl. I'm not afraid to call any unprejudiced man to witness on that point."

Mrs. Winston had caught her breath.

"John," she said, in strangled tones, "I'm ashamed of you—and of Nancy, too. Sir Henry will think us unpardonably rude. I should never have allowed it; but when Nancy sets her head upon a thing——"

The Englishman was still staring helplessly across the roses.

The bewitching face beyond them beamed upon him. The fugitive dimple had come out boldly into the open, and the lips were smiling deliciously.

"He doesn't look unforgiving," said the smiling lips. "Don't bother, Elizabeth. I'll explain."

She did.

Two hours later Sir Henry stood once more between the drawing-room portières, smiling down at a piquant face under a dainty cap.

"You haven't told me that I might come to see you," he said reproachfully.

"But you leave to-morrow."

"I've changed my mind," said the Baronet.

"He's a ripping good sort," John Winston explained to his wife a week or two later. "But he positively embarrasses me. He can't do enough for me. You'd think he felt that he owed me an apology for something or other."

"We introduced him to Nancy," said Mrs. Winston.

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THE HOUSE IN WHICH AGUINALDO HAD LIVED FOR SEVEN MONTHS AND IN WHICH HE WAS CAPTURED.

This house, about fifteen feet wide along the north frontage and some twenty-five along the beach nearest the river, was a one-story nipa-thatched building with wooden walls, built on posts so that the floor was some four feet above the level of the ground. The windows were mere sliding shutters. The man in white coat, with his hat on back of his head, is Segovia. The rest are Macabebes.

THE CAPTURE OF EMILIO AGUINALDO.*

A PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF THE EXPLOIT WHICH ENDED THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

By Frederick Funston.

(*Continued from September.*)

Written especially for "Everybody's Magazine," and Illustrated from Photographs taken by Lieutenant Burton J. Mitchell, a Member of the Expedition.

NO unusual incidents marked our two-days' stay in Casiguran. A number of people came to see the Americans, and were always admitted by the Macabebe sentries. The latter, of course, hugely enjoyed the situation. At Casiguran our men heard a story to the effect that the insurgent chief Tinio had just joined Aguinaldo with four hundred men. This yarn caused us much uneasiness until it was finally set at rest.

A NINETY-MILE MARCH THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS, WITH FEARS OF TREACHERY.

On the morning of March 17th we left Casiguran on the ninety-mile march through the uninhabited mountain wilderness to Palanan. We had been furnished by the vice-alcalde with twelve residents of the town as pack bearers and guides. These men carried our food and cooking utensils. On account of the fearful nature of the trail these men were very lightly laden. The narrow muddy path through the woods led first to the southeast and then northeast across the neck of land until we were again on the sea. Thence it was north in a general direction, but following the sinuosities of the coast. At times we plodded through the deep, soft sand of the beach, and at times, in order to go around some cliff that came down sheer to the sea, would be compelled to make a detour over a mountain.

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On some of these detours the footpath was fearfully steep, in some places more than forty-five degrees. In such places we were compelled to use not only feet, but hands also. But for the roots and branches of trees, which gave us something to hold to, I do not see how we could have surmounted some of the difficulties. Two days before reaching the end of the beach our journey was over bowlders varying in size from that of a watermelon to a freight car. This was the hardest marching of all. Every morning at daybreak we took up the march without breakfast, and kept at it until ten o'clock, when we boiled some cracked corn, which we ate, rested two or three hours, and resumed the march until dark, when we would prepare another meal and lie down to sleep. We had but two meals a day, and these were short ration. Rain poured in torrents nearly all the time, day and night, and there was not one who had on his person a stitch of dry clothing at any time between Casiguran and Palanan. It is difficult to estimate how many streams we waded. Some were deep, swift, and dangerous, others trivial. We had three-days' ration, but made it last five. The Macabebes caught small fish in their hands, and we got limpets, snails, and a small devilfish, which we stewed. I cannot recommend devilfish to the fastidious. Many of the Macabebes were so footsore and weak that they dragged themselves along far behind the main body. Segovia developed an abscess in one of his feet, while I was tortured day and night with muscular rheumatism. All of the sixth day out from Casiguran we plodded along weak and hungry, without a mouthful of food. Our situation could not be regarded in any other light than serious. It was a day, too, of misgivings. Why had no messenger been sent out from Palanan to meet us? Had some one been a traitor and sold us? During all of the afternoon of that day we half expected a blast of rifle-fire from every cliff we passed under. Just before darkness a couple of men appeared on the beach ahead, evidently watching us. Finally they approached the advance guard, and although we Americans had to keep in the background as becomes prisoners, Segovia, who was in the advance, passed back the word that all was well. The two men were from Palanan, and conducted us a short distance up the beach, where an old Tagalo was in charge of half a dozen Balugas constructing a couple of small sheds which we were told were for the American prisoners, who were not to be brought into Palanan. The following note to Hilario from Simeon Villa, Aguinaldo's secretary, was delivered :

Lieutenant-Colonel Hilario Placido.

On account of the circumstances, please arrange to leave the American prisoners which you have at the place called Dinundungan, where this will be delivered to you. Under no circumstances must they be brought here. For a proper guard please leave at Dinundungan until further orders ten armed men under a sergeant or corporal. You should communicate to them the orders regarding the prisoners.

This I communicate to you by order of the Honorable Captain General.

May God guard you many years.

SIMEON VILLA,
Colonel and Chief-of-Staff.
PALANAN, March 21, 1901.

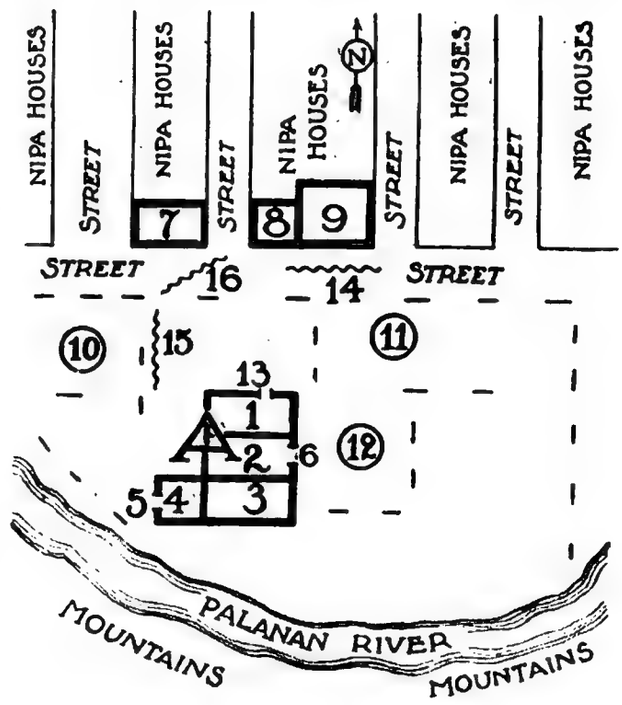

DIAGRAM OF TOWN OF PALANAN.

KEY TO NUMBERS.—A, Aguinaldo's house. 1, Sitting-room. 2, Hallway. 3, Bedroom used by Aguinaldo, Villa, and Barcelona. 4, Kitchen. 5, 6, Doorways. 7, 9, Barracks. 8, Village church. 10, 11, Band stands. 12, Summer house. 13, Window from which Aguinaldo called to the Macabebes to cease firing. 14, Position of Aguinaldo's guard when fired on. 15, 16, Position of General Funston's men at beginning of attack. The marks — — — — indicate benches placed in the public square of the town around band stands.

EVIDENCES OF SUCCESS.

We went into camp for the night at this place, and as soon as there was opportunity for him to do so, Segovia communicated to me the contents of this note, which we received with mingled feelings of satisfaction and uneasiness. It was evident that so far we had hoodwinked Aguinaldo

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and his officers completely; but the order to leave us Americans at this point, eight miles from Palanan, brought about a difficult complication, as we felt that our presence would be necessary at the critical moment to prevent a failure of our plans. It was agreed that if we boldly disobeyed the order and proceeded to Palanan with the remainder of the command, Aguinaldo's suspicions might be aroused by so unusual a proceeding, and cause him to get out of the way, or insist on our being turned over to his own soldiers, which would have brought on a premature conflict, a thing we were most anxious to avoid. After dark, Segovia and we Americans discussed the matter in whispers, and evolved a plan which solved the difficulty.

AGUINALDO THINKING IT OVER ON BOARD THE *VICKSBURG*.

In the meantime we must have food before resuming the march in the morning. Accordingly a letter was written in Tagalo and forwarded to Palanan at once by a Baluga furnished us by the old man.

To the Colonel and Chief-of-Staff, Simeon Villa.

I have received your communication, but am unable to continue the march because of the weakened condition of the men, as we were compelled to begin our march with but three-days' food. Would it not be possible for you to send us food at once in order that we may appease our hunger?

HILARIO PLACIDO,
Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding.

DINUNDUNGAN, March 22, 1901.

The food came early the next morning, and after a hasty breakfast the march for Palanan was taken up by the main part of the company, we Americans being left behind with a guard of ten Macabebes under a corporal.

WORKING OUT THE PLAN. THE FIVE AMERICANS ARE LEFT BEHIND UNDER GUARD OF MACABEBES.

The plan arranged was that we should leave about an hour later, overtaking the company just as it was about to enter Palanan. It would be very necessary to deceive the old fellow who was building the houses, as he thought we were to be left with him, and if we started out for Palanan without his suspicions being allayed, he might give the alarm and spoil all. A short time after the company had left, Segovia sent back two of the men with a note in the Tagalo dialect to the corporal in charge of us, stating that they had just met a messenger from Palanan with orders revoking the previous one regarding the prisoners. They were to be brought to the town at the rear of the column. The corporal of the guard had previously been instructed what to do, and when he received this note, showed it at once to the old Tagalo. He suspected nothing, and in great glee at our plan having succeeded, we took up the march, following the trail of our comrades through the woods, for we had now left the sea and turned inland. It was thought best not to attempt to come up with them at once, lest we encounter staff officers or soldiers sent out to meet the reënforcements. We had no guide, but had no serious difficulty in following the trail of the others through the mud. About two hours from the beach we met a Macabebe sergeant and another soldier coming down the trail toward us,

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excited and out of breath. Without waiting to go into details, they frantically motioned for us to conceal ourselves in the brush near the path. We did so without delay, and the sergeant explained to me in whispers that the column had met ten armed soldiers coming out from Palanan to take charge of the Americans whom they thought to still be at Dinundungan. Hilario and Segovia had delayed the men, engaging them in conversation while the two men were sent back to warn us to hide. In a few moments they passed within a few yards of us without suspecting our presence. We watched them in breathless suspense, and as soon as they were out of sight we slipped into the trail behind them and resumed the march. It was a narrow escape, for if they had met us unexpectedly in the trail, having orders to take charge of us they would have insisted on doing so, and a conflict would have been almost inevitable. The sound of firing would have been heard in Palanan, and all would have been lost.

ARRIVAL AT PALANAN. UNFORTUNATE POSITION FOR THE AMERICANS.

But the end was now at hand. A few moments before three o'clock we reached the bank of the Palanan River, a stream about a hundred yards wide, and saw the last boat-load of Macabebes forming on the farther bank. As prearranged, the boat was sent back for us, and we were just embarking when firing broke out in the town on the other bank. We hurried across and took command of the excited and yelling Macabebes, who were filling the air with bullets, firing in every direction. We Americans ran at once to Aguinaldo's house, and reached there just in time to take part in the last of the scrimmage, and save the lives of the prisoners from the Macabebes, who had recognized the unfortunate dictator, and were chasing him about the room.

Aguinaldo, as might be expected, was terribly agitated, and, in fact, could scarcely speak. He said to me in Spanish, "Oh, tell me, is not this a joke?" I assured him that it was, to the contrary, cold, hard fact, and that he was at last a prisoner. He would scarcely believe it at first. Villa, shot through the hand and shoulder, was more self-contained. Santiago Barcelona, Aguinaldo's treasurer, a bright and well-educated mestizo, was excited, but glad to be alive. We assured the prisoners that no harm would come to them, and from that time treated them with every possible consideration.

Because of the unfortunate circumstance that compelled us Americans to be kept in the background at first, we had to hear from the others what had occurred while we were crossing the river. The column had been met at the river-bank by a staff officer, and Segovia and Hilario taken up to report to Aguinaldo, who, surrounded by eight officers, received them cordially, and plied them with questions regarding their long march, the capture of the Americans, and many other matters. It was a most trying situation for the two men, surrounded as they were by a number of men every one of whom carried a revolver. The versatile Spaniard was put to his wits' end to answer all the questions successfully and keep up the conversation. In the meantime the Macabebes were crossing the river in the boat, eight at a time, and forming on the bank. All across, they were marched up to the plaza near Aguinaldo's house, not more than a hundred yards from the landing, and formed in line facing the fifty soldiers of Aguinaldo's escort, who were drawn up to receive them. At this moment Segovia, looking out of the window, saw the Americans approaching, and excusing himself for a moment, stepped out of the house and told Gregorio Cadhit to open fire on the escort. Gregorio yelled out in Spanish, "Now is your time, Macabebes, give it to them!" The Macabebes, terribly excited over the trying situation, fired first a few scattering shots, and then a ragged volley. The men lined up near them broke in disorder and fled, firing a few shots in return, one of which wounded a Macabebe slightly. In their flight they threw away eighteen rifles and a thousand rounds of ammunition. Only two of them were killed. When Segovia had given the order to Gregorio, he stepped back into the house.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF AGUINALDO. HIS CAPTURE.

At the first shots Aguinaldo, who did not suspect the situation, stepped to the window and said to his men:

"Stop that foolishness. Do not waste your ammunition."

He evidently thought the men were firing

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in the air to celebrate. At this juncture Hilario threw his arms about Aguinaldo and bore him to the floor, saying, "You are a prisoner of the Americans." Segovia drew his revolver and shot Villa twice and Comandante Alhambra once. Both men threw themselves out of the window and into the deep and swift river, Alhambra disappearing entirely, so that his fate is still unknown. Villa was fished out by the Macabebes, who, with howls of delight, dragged him up the bank, a sorry-looking specimen. Of the other officers in the room, all escaped except Santiago Barcelona, the treasurer, who gave up quickly. At this moment we Americans entered the house, as already related.

THE QUARTERS OF AGUINALDO'S ESCORT, TAKEN FROM THE WINDOW OF HIS HOUSE A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE CAPTURE. THE TWO WHITE OBJECTS ARE MEN OF HIS ESCORT WHO WERE KILLED.

THE LAST OF THE WAR. AGUINALDO'S ANXIETY.

It was all over, and after two years of war the elusive Filipino chieftain was at last a prisoner. The Macabebes, wild with joy, ran about yelling like a lot of schoolboys, and insisted on embracing us American officers whether we willed or not. I leave it for others to imagine the feelings of us five Americans when we realized that our terribly perilous adventure had succeeded without the loss of a single life among our men. The house in which Aguinaldo lived was a frame structure containing three rooms besides a kitchen. The house, as well as every one in town, was decorated in honor of his birthday, which was the 22d, the day before the capture.

Without loss of time we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable for the night. Of course the fiction about our being prisoners was no longer necessary, so that we took command again. Aguinaldo, Villa, and Barcelona were assigned to one of the three rooms in the house, while the American officers, Segovia, and the Tagalos occupied the larger front room. The remaining room was used as a dining-room. An officer and two armed Macabebes were in the room with the prisoners day and night, and an armed sentry under each window. The four officers with me took turn about at guard duty. Aguinaldo was very anxious to have an American in the room constantly, as he was in great and wholesome fear of the Macabebes. These men remembered that it was when Aguinaldo was in the hey-dey of his

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VILLA, AGUINALDO'S PLUCKY CHIEF-OF-STAFF.

short-lived power at Malolos that they suffered such fearful outrages at the hands of the insurgents. We dressed Villa's wounds for him. He did not seem to suffer much.

PALANAN. THE TOWN.

The town of Palanan was compactly built, and contained about eighty small houses. When the firing began, the inhabitants had taken to their heels with great unanimity, and not one was seen during the remainder of our stay. Plenty of food, cracked corn, sweet potatoes, and chickens were found in the town. All day of the 24th was spent in much-needed rest and in recuperating our wasted strength. Nobody had sufficient life or energy for any unnecessary effort. Lieutenant Mitchell had his small pocket camera that had been carried by one of the Macabebes, and took some very interesting photographs which are here reproduced. Aguinaldo was only willing to be photographed in case I would stand beside him, as he evidently feared it was some trick. The prisoners, evidently very much surprised at their considerate treatment, became quite mellow, and talked interestingly of the war. They were generous and game enough to express the most unbounded admiration for the plan which had resulted in their capture.

From this time until we came to part in Manila our relations with our prisoners were most pleasant. Aguinaldo, naturally a silent and reserved man, conversed freely of the past and the present of the war, but avoided discussions of the future. Asked who would succeed him as dictator, he said, "Trias, without doubt." It was a great shock to him when, on his arrival in Manila, General MacArthur informed him of the voluntary surrender of Trias. He was always courteous and self-possessed, and by his bearing

SANTIAGO BARCELONA, AGUINALDO'S TREASURER.

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made a decidedly good impression on all. Villa was a silent man, like his chief, but never surly. Barcelona was talkative, and seemed glad he had been captured. He evidently had no stomach for the dreary life at Palanan.

THE RETURN TO MANILA WITH THE PRISONERS.

As has been stated earlier in this article, the *Vicksburg* was to meet us at Palanan Bay on the 25th, so on the morning of our second day after the capture we took up the march to the beach at Palanan Bay, only six miles northeast of the town. The prisoners, like everybody else, walked. Aguinaldo wore a pair of black riding-boots which must have been extremely uncomfortable. As we had no guide, we had no little difficulty in finding our way through the maze of small fields, there being no well-defined trail. A number of small houses were passed, but the occupants had all fled. At noon, much to our satisfaction, we reached the sea, and discerned far out a speck of smoke, the *Vicksburg*, which had just arrived and was looking for our signal. They had not long to wait. Up shot a column of smoke from some brush hastily collected. The gunboat turned toward the land, and when distant about five miles Captain Newton and Lieutenant Hazzard signalled the words, "We have him. Send boats for all." The signal flag was a bed-sheet found in a house in Palanan, and brought to the beach for the purpose of signalling. It was on a pole ten feet long. The *Vicksburg* signalled back, "Well done," and came to anchor two miles off shore. The boats were lowered, and after two hours of dangerous work we were put on board. Commander Barry, his face radiant with smiles, was in the first boat to come through the booming surf, and was greeted with yells by the Macabebes and ourselves. The men in the boats gave it back in kind. There was no attempt by anybody to conceal his feelings.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PRISONER ON THE *VICKSBURG*.

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The prisoners looked uncomfortable. When we reached the ship, there was more cheering and the heartiest welcome men ever got.

Once on board, in clean, dry clothing, and after an excellent dinner, we felt like men again. Aguinaldo, like all of us, was drenched in the surf, but was fitted out with dry clothing by Major Brown and Captain Hodges. He was assigned to the captain's table with those officers and myself; Villa and Barcelona were taken care of by the ward-room officers. The *Vicksburg* sailed for Manila that evening. The voyage was pleasant and without incident. The return was made via Cape Engano, the gunboat thus circumnavigating the island. The prisoners spent most of their time on deck, smoking and chatting with the officers. They were in a decidedly proper frame of mind when we reached Manila.

REPORTING TO GENERAL MACARTHUR. THE NEWS SPREAD.

General MacArthur had instructed me before leaving Manila that if we succeeded in our venture he desired to keep the matter from the public for a few hours. With this object in view, the *Vicksburg*, when she entered Manila Bay on the night of the 27th, had all her lights screened, and kept away from the shipping, anchoring ten miles north of the city. At daybreak of the 28th the launch put away with the three prisoners, Lieutenant Glennon, executive officer of the *Vicksburg*, Lieutenant Patten of the *Vicksburg*, Lieutenant Mitchell, and myself. We steamed to the mouth of the Pasig River, and thence up through the city to Malacañan Palace, the residence of General MacArthur. The latter had not yet been to breakfast, and greeted me with an inquiring look and a grim smile, but not a question. I saluted and said, "Sir, I have brought you Don Emilio." The general was keenly gratified, and said so. The prisoners were brought up and introduced, and we all sat down to breakfast with the general and his aides. It appeared a most trying moment for Aguinaldo, and he was ill at ease, in spite of General MacArthur's tact. In half an hour, despite all precautions, the news that Aguinaldo was in town was everywhere, and was the sensation of the day.

THE *VICKSBURG* LAUNCH, WITH THE PRISONERS ON BOARD, STEAMING FOR THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER, AT DAYBREAK, MARCH 28, 1901.

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ON THE SNOW.

By Maximilian Foster,
Author of "In the Forest."

Illustrated by Carl Rungius.

NWARD led the track—a deep, unswerving trail—still pushing along the forest's snowy floor northward toward the upper reaches of the Kippewa. Beauchene now lay far in the rear, and through an interminable silence of unbroken winter woods the chase fared on, striking from the lower swamps upward along the open timber. Lemaire led, no longer stealing, cautious, with cat-like steps through the bush; but plunging on, determined to wear down the quarry by a sheer persistence. One day was gone, another dying, and the moose—a big bull—still was travelling, vigorous in his stride. Once lingering, curious and fearful to find whether the pursuit still held in his trail, he had shown himself among the trees. Then a futile bullet drove him on still faster. Verily, Lemaire was right. "Hunh—deer," said he, "deer run round and round." He leaned over and heaved his pack higher upon his shoulders, moving the tump-line band where it had cut deeply into his brow. "Deer go round an' round. Moose not like deer. Moose know a place far 'way—moose *go there!*" He beckoned me to follow, and took up the trail. In the beginning, his eye had glistened with a vivid passion of the chase, but now it pored dully upon the tangled covers. "Bimeby moose get mad. Then moose turn round fight." But now the second day was ending, and the bull still postponed his temerarious last frenzy of fear.

The track dipped over the brow of a tall ridge, where, on the right, a thicket of black spruce turned its slender spires whispering toward the sky. Yet even this secret murmuring of the wind among the tops added to the utter quiet of the woods. Solitude was there, and a deep silence, too.

Lemaire paused and brushed away the matted hair hanging before his eyes. He swept the woods with an inquiring glance, hurried onward, halted, and then turning abruptly from the trail, pushed through the abattis of a windfall. Beyond lay an opening in the trees, a narrow intervale sheeted with snow, and at its head he stopped, transfixed.

Age had told lightly upon Lemaire. He carried the weight of his three-score years strongly as the bull moose swings his heavy yellow antlers in the rut. His blanket mackinaw hung squarely upon his broad, determined shoulders; his eyes gleamed keenly, almost with the fire of youth. He stood, drawn forward, peering beneath his uplifted hand. Had he seen the game—*quick*—where was it? Lemaire shook his head and breathed deeply. His hand stretched slowly out, pointing along the intervale. "Look—so," said he.

In the glade's centre was a cross, rude

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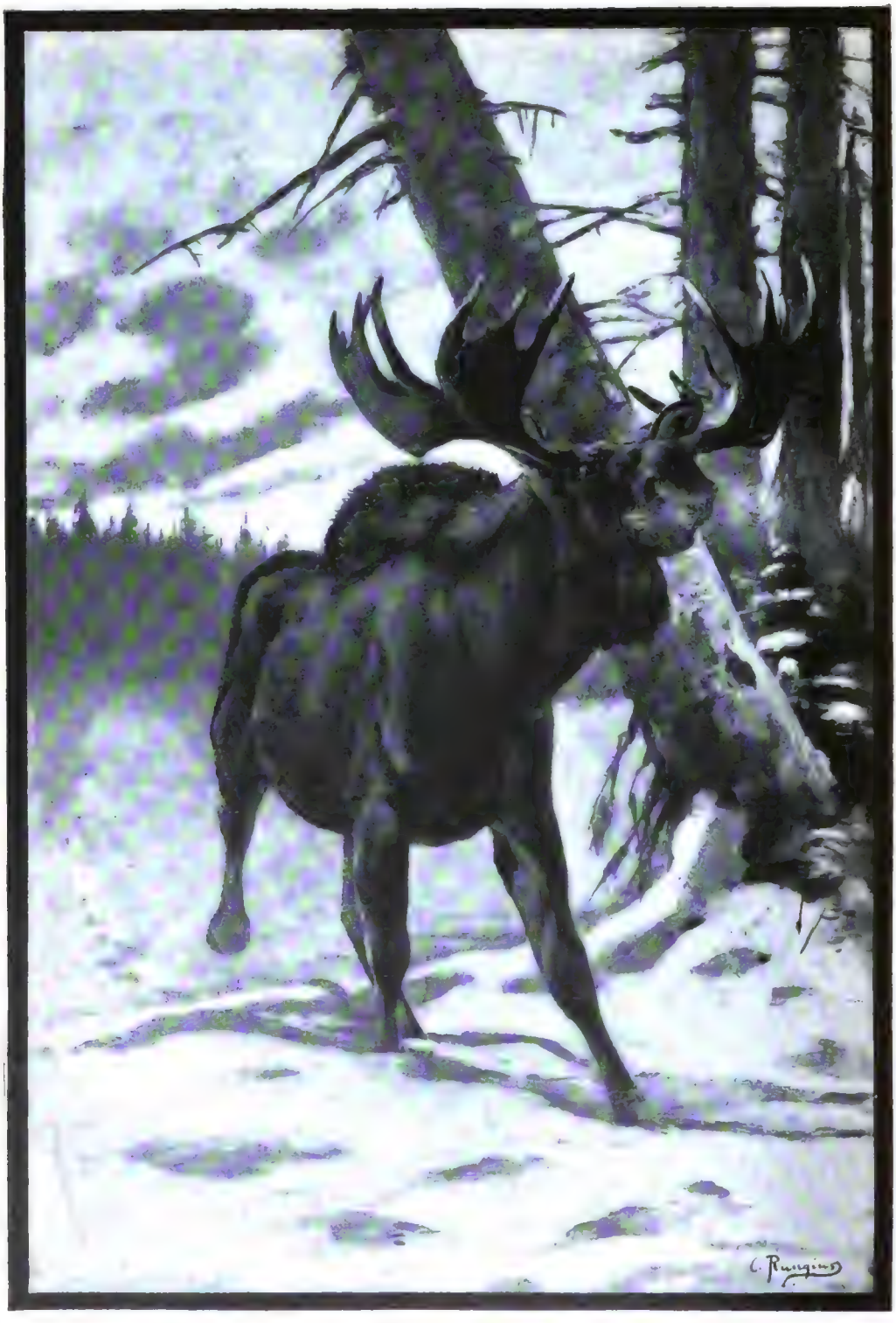

"THE MOOSE—A BIG BULL—STILL WAS TRAVELLING, VIGOROUS IN HIS STRIDE."

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and uncouth, a vivid emblem of the loneliness of death, shining there against the black background of spruce, solitary in this appalling stretch of solitude. Lemaire lifted the tump-line from his brow and made the holy sign. Silently, as before, he turned, then pushed on. Night was drawing down, and anew the evening wind stirred among the trees. Dark and dejected, Lemaire threaded the dusky closes of the wilderness, silent till he reached a hollow under the hill. "Camp now," he muttered brusquely. "Pretty soon dark—bimeby cold, sartin mighty cold."

Still in this dark humor he scraped away the snow and laid a fire. He hung over it, husbanding its first flickering blaze, and in the glow his face showed heavy and drawn. From under the rim of his sable cap he pored blankly upon the fire; then when it had burst into a cheerful flame, he put on the frying-pan, the bacon, the kettle, and the tea. "Tired out, Lemaire?" He turned stolidly, his expression unchanged, and slowly shook his head. "Hunh!" he answered, "tired to-morrow—nex' day—mebbe. Not tired now." Once more he bent over the fire, turning the bacon with his skinning-knife, and shaking the kettle of tea. But this done, he fell anew into his slow dejection, and sat, stolidly glooming upon the dark forest's flank until the bacon was in a fair way to burn.

"Hoh-tay-*o!*" he cried abruptly, in the tongue of his Algonquin mother. "*Wee wuish a-shum-sun.* Tea—I am hungry!" Leaping to his feet, he snatched off the bacon and the tea, laid out his cups and birchbark plates, and with a clattering knife fell to work at his food.

Overhead the stellar host burned with all their brilliance in the unclouded winter sky, and around the night-camp a swirl of pungent smoke wreathed among the trees. Lemaire drew his blanket about his knees, and a garrulous pipe came forth and added strong incense to the clear and frosty air. Once a fox barked shrilly in the distance, and in the north an owl screamed its affrighted note. Lemaire listened. The echo passed, and the dead forest regained its quiet.

"Over there," he said, waving his arm broadly toward the north, "are many graves of my people. Where shall you find them? Mujizowaja—Abittibe—the lost Kwingwishe—yes, in many places; from there to the big water on the edge of the high ground. There is where they sleep—many of them—yet *I*—I am here. Listen. Many winters ago—more snows than you have seen—the moose went eastward, and the caribou travelled far out there, far beyond this country—up there where there are no trees. Hunger then came to the tribes, and many died in the lodges. It struck the old people, and they were dead. It touched the little children, and they breathed no more. I myself saw it—for I was a young man then among my people—I and my brother."

He spoke, halting in his words, his language partly English, partly the *patois* of the French-Canadian, and here and there a hoarse guttural of Algonquin.

"There was no meat among my people, and the summer's dried fish was gone. Nor were there rabbits, for it was the year of their evil, and they died. 'Come,' said my brother, 'we will go south to the Temiscamingue, the Deep Water, to the company post where my father's money waits. Then we shall buy flour and fat meat, and our throats shall no longer parch for want of tea. Come.' Fear, then, was in my heart. Many winters before had my father lived here among these my mother's people. He was a white man—like you—from the place where there are many houses. Yes, I have seen him. I am a big man like him, and my blood is strong. I do not blame him. He went away; but many years, when the fur canoes came down from the north, there was money for us at the post. He did not forget, and twenty—yes, thirty snows—ago, when there was no money, I knew he was dead.

"My brother said these words, 'Let us go.' In my heart was fear. I looked about, and my mother's eye was on mine, as she lay weak among the rabbit blankets of fur. Down there—there at Temiscamingue—we should laugh in our hearts at death. But how should our mother find her way? Even now death had touched her, and her breath whistled as she breathed. My brother spoke again. 'I cannot stay,' he said, and my mother's eye turned from him to me. 'Go,' she whispered; 'you are strong, and for me, death scrapes his finger upon the lodge's door. I shall go the long journey.'

"'Why do *you* go?' I cried strongly, for he was my brother and I loved him. Another I should have pushed out into the

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snow, to go his way as he chose. But he was my brother. He did not speak, but turned away. Then I cried roughly to him. There was hot blood in our hearts, and he struck me on the mouth. No man had done that before, and my anger was great—mad like the she-bear in the spring. We fought—strongly, for we were big men. And as we fought there was a cry. We looked about. Our mother was dead. Then we fought no more. I heard the wailing of women in other lodges, and I longed to cry out too. But I was a man and must not. So I sat beside my mother, and took her hand, and my brother sat on the other side, and took her hand too. I saw his heart had softened, and I was glad, and I thought that the hunger, maybe, had made his heart bad before. But then I did not know.

"'The good father at the post had taught me many good words, and I prayed. I prayed in my own tongue. I felt it was good. My brother heard, but did not understand. He knew only the rum-trader and the head man at the post; also only the fur-traders who go up to the big water along the water-trail. They say the words I spoke only in anger, and using them strangely. He heard my words, but did not know. 'Listen,' he said. 'You cannot wake our mother. She sleeps on the long journey. Come, we will bury our mother, and take the trail to the deep water. Let us go.'

"'He went away in the darkness, but soon he was back. 'Look,' he said, 'I have food. Eat and we will go.' I looked at the food and wondered. It was the meat of the caribou, dried, and there had been no caribou since two snows had gone. 'What is this meat?' I asked, and my brother turned his face. 'Eat,' he said, and I ate, tearing the meat with my teeth, like the gray wolf at the moose's throat. Yet I wondered. 'Come, we will bury our mother now.' But we were too weak with the long hunger. We could not dig the snow, and how should we, then, break the hardened ground. 'Peace, mother,' said I. 'I shall return in the long days—peace and sleep.'

"'My brother waited by the lodge. I saw that he stepped more strongly, and wondered. Had not the long hunger made me weak who was once so much stronger than my brother? But my thought was like a dream, and I was dizzy like one who has the hot-sickness and cries out strange things that have no meaning. I followed, but I knew that it was the upper trail—the long path leading to the big water—the *Kitci-gami*—at the edge of the high ground where there are no trees. 'This is not the trail,' said I; but he shook his head and bade me follow.

"'There was light, for the night had gone. We went to the north, and by and by there was the trail of two people in the snow. I looked and saw that they led back and forth, and that one was a woman. My brother took my little bag of food from me, and threw it down at the door of the last lodge. It was the place of the chief's son, and he was wealthy. Many winters have passed since then, and I have forgotten his name—Muckwa, I think it was—Muckwa, the bear. He too died in the long hunger. But I cried out, knowing that he had much and we little for the journey. It was many camps beyond to the deep water, and I tried to seize the food. But my brother laughed, not like a man, but like the cackle of Kwingwishe, the meat-bird. 'Leave it. Peace! There is more and better, and I give him that. Go on.' I came away, for I walked still in a dream, and nothing was as it should be. Then we came to where the long *muskeg* touches on the pond of many moose, and we crossed upon the ice, following in the tracks that the man and woman had made. There my brother stepped from the trail sharply, as one turns from the moose track when the wind is blowing and the moose has turned to lie down where he can smell the foe on his trail. 'Come,' said my brother, but I kept on. He called again, but I kept on many steps. Before long I saw a man in the snow, and he was lying down. He slept, I thought, and there was the trail of a sledge in the snow and the tracks made by the feet of many huskies. 'Look,' I said, crying out, 'here is a man from the big water where the streams run the other way. Come, we will waken him.' I saw he was from the north, for he wore the high moccasins of fur made from the big otters without legs, that play on the rocks of the big water over there. Also, he still held in his hand a bone knife, such as there was not among our people. 'Hoh!' I cried, but he did not awaken. Then I saw that he was dead. He had been stabbed in the back, and there were the marks of the

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woman's feet beside him. 'Hoh!' I cried, 'he is dead!' But my brother did not come, but beckoned me on. I followed, and called out to him, but he gave no answer. Then I ran, falling this way and there, like my people when they have tasted the trader's rum. But my brother ran too, and we reach the edge of the bush. I heard then a dog bark, and another. In our people's keep were no dogs, for the last had been killed long before in our hunger. Then I looked and saw a sledge and dogs, and it was of the country where there are no trees. I knew, for the sledge runners were of bone, and lower than we use here where the snows are deeper than the reach of the biggest moose. But I saw no more, for I fell, and my mind turned from me. I was like the dead man in the trail; I knew nothing.

"When I awoke, I lay in a sledge and we were on the ice. We crossed there and went up into the bush. There I saw a woman waiting among the trees, and now she ran with the dogs. I covered my face, for still I was weak and did not know. 'Hoh!' I cried, 'it is our mother's spirit, and she walks beside us in the snow!' But a laugh answered, and it was not my mother's voice. I looked again, and the woman turned. I saw it was Pin-e-ah, Muckwa's wife, the stranger-woman who came from up there where there are no trees. She was smaller than our women, and her face was round, with eyes turned up—so. Nor could she speak our tongue when first she came among us. She ran now beside the dogs, and I said, 'Tell me, O Pin-e-ah, where is thy husband? Does he come with us? And this, no doubt, is his dog-sledge.' But she laughed, and ran beside the sledge. 'No,' she said, 'this is the sledge of good Maätuke, who rests up yonder a while. Peace to him.' I thought for a while, but did not understand. Then I knew. 'Hoh—it is Maätuke lying up there in the snow. He is dead, and, brother, thou hast slain the stranger.' My brother's heart was black, and he made no answer. But Pin-e-ah laughed, crying out, 'Twas I that did it,' she said, and I wondered at this woman of evil. She laughed, singing, like the hunter when he has killed the moose, and blood was on her hand.

"'Listen,' she said. 'He was my lover over there—in the land where there are no trees. Then Muckwa came, and he was stronger, so I went with him. He brought me here, into the land of the big sticks, and I was his. Now, in this the long hunger, Maätuke comes with his dogs to take me, for he has heard of the trouble among your people from the hunters that have gone into the north. Yet I do not go with Maätuke. He is waiting. He is lying in the snow to rest after his journey.' She laughed again.

"'Hoh!' I cried, stopping the dogs. I arose, walking beside the sledge. 'Tell me, O Pin-e-ah, why is thy husband Muckwa not with us? There is food and plenty here for all.' Again she laughed.

"'Also he is lying up there beyond. Let him lie and rest himself, for he will have a long journey if he follow, pot dog that he is.'

"I followed in the sledge trail, wondering, for I did not understand. 'Tell me, my brother,' I asked, 'why does this woman come with us?' He looked, and showed me his teeth, like huskies fighting over a rotten fish. 'Have done,' he spoke; 'she comes with me.'

"Three days we journeyed, and I grew strong. Boasting, this woman told me all. At the beginning of the long hunger, because she knew by the signs her people learn that it was there, she had saved largely of Muckwa's food. She had laid it where no hand but hers should take it, and Muckwa soon felt the grip of the hunger upon him. But she had not given him of her hidden store. She had fed herself and then my brother, bringing in her hand a piece each day. Thus they had lived, and our mother had died, for he was to keep up and have this woman for his own. 'And Muckwa?' I asked. 'What of Muckwa, O Pin-e-ah?' She looked and laughed.

"'Twice have I said it. Muckwa lies over yonder. He is gone on the long journey. He left nothing, yet good Maätuke brought us meat.'

"Then I knew that the bag of food my brother had cast before the door of Muckwa's lodge was but an offering to the dead. I cried out, for my heart was sad, 'Peace, O Muckwa, son of Kab-a-o-sis! Peace to thee.' For he, likewise, was dead—dead because of this woman that had come down from the land where there are no trees. 'O Pin-e-ah,' I said, and my heart was hot with anger that was for her, 'thou art a thing of evil. Was not Muckwa thy

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husband, for he ran beneath the blanket with thee?' And she laughed aloud, while her eyes shone as those of the wolf-devil when he sings outside the hunter's fire. 'Aye, he was my husband according to thy people; but am I a *kimack*, a mangy sledge-dog, that is whipped among the traces, that he should beat me with his hand?

"Again I wondered, for this woman was not like the women of my tribe. 'Tell me,' I said, 'among thy women is not love taught with a hand that is strong?' She arose then, drawing her blanket about her. 'Many women are there who listen weakly while the dog-whip cracks, yet I am not one. I am the daughter of a chief, and my will is strong, like the mad-wolf that cannot be driven in the traces among the dogs. Over there'—and she waved her arm toward that country many camps beyond—'I am called in our tongue Amaroke, the She-Wolf, and so shalt thou know me.'

"My brother sat by the fire. He wound a thong about his gun-barrel, that was broken from the wood. He spoke not, but his eyes looked upon the woman strong with flame for her. Again my heart was troubled, and I looked at him sitting by the fire.

"'Hark!' I said, 'O my brother!' I arose and threw the blanket from my shoulder, for speech was on my lips. 'Hark! O my brother! This woman that thou hast taken to thy breast is a she-wolf, and if thou cling to her she will gnaw at thy heart. Turn this woman away, my brother, lest thou die as all have died who follow.'

"Then this woman looked at my brother in the eyes, and, seeing what they spoke, looked boldly at me and laughed. Nor did she look with hate, but as the young woman looks at her lover when he brings home plenty from the hunt. 'Have done, O Muskosi-Amik,' she cried, calling me by my Algonquin name; 'am I to be like the wounded caribou that is driven from the herd? Thou art a strong man, but I too am strong.'

"Then she wrapped the blanket about her head and lay beside the fire.

"Three times again we camped. Three times by the fire I cried out to my brother that this woman was a wolf. 'Let us turn our faces on the trail,' I said, 'and take back this woman to the place where Muckwa lies dead within his lodge.' But my brother made no answer, and Pin-e-ah laughed, looking at me with eyes that burned wetly, like the doe's when she licks her spotted fawn.

"Six camps we had come, breaking out the trail. Late the sun left its place among the trees, and early it lay down again, for it was the heart of winter. My brother went ahead, beating down the snow for the dogs, and the woman ran beside the sledge. I too went ahead when my brother's feet were tired, but it was not I that led upon the ice. One camp over there we came to a running water, and it was singing beneath the ice. 'Hoh, my brother,' I said, 'we shall go a little way before we cross this running water, lest we break through and drown.'

"But he laughed aloud, and there was anger and evil in his eyes. Maybe, then, he had seen the woman looking at me with eyes wet like the mother doe's; but I do not know. 'Come,' he said, 'is my brother a coward that he keeps the shore like Ginibig the wood-snake? Come.' And I said no more. Then my brother drove the whining huskies forward, and the woman fell behind, watching. 'Thou art a strong man,' she whispered, 'and no coward.' And I saw her eyes peer up into mine. 'Go!' I cried, striking her off, but she only laughed. My brother went on, three sledges from the shore, and I heard the ice speaking out. 'Come, O my brother!' I cried; but the ice spoke again. Then it broke across till I saw the river underneath. 'O my brother,' I cried, 'thou art gone, and this woman hath slain thee, too!' But again I saw him, fighting for his life among the dogs, and, forgetting all, I ran and drew him out. But as we came toward the shore, again the ice split across, and both were in the water. Then I heard the woman, and she was lying on the bank, and her hand was stretched toward me. 'Thy hand!' she cried, and it was to me she spoke. 'My brother drowns!' I cried; and again she spoke, but to me. 'Thy hand, and I will save thee.' And I took her hand, but held my brother by his hair, and she drew us both ashore. Then we sat on the bank and looked. Our sledge was gone, its dogs and all our meat. I only had saved my gun, for I had dropped it when I ran to my brother's help. So we sat on the bank till our clothes were stiff, like the fur of the beaver when it is dried upon the splints.

"'Come,' I said, 'the deep water lies over there more than seven camps away, for now we walk. But there is no meat, and we shall die!' Shaking, my brother arose, for the cold had touched his bones. One day we walked and camped. Half

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another day we walked, and my brother sang. He saw it was the spring and that the fur canoes came down from the north while the traders sat in the fort. But I, who was of clear mind, saw that it was still the winter, and that my brother went this way and there, like my people when they have tasted the trader's rum. 'Tell me, my brother, why do you sing?' I touched his skin, and it was hot, like the horns of the moose in the spring. I saw his eyes, and they were red and looked nowhere. Then I knew that my brother had the cold-sickness, and my throat with fear was so that I could not swallow. So I walked on, holding my brother by the waist, and the woman walked behind, saying nothing. We camped, and in the night my brother talked aloud, so that the forest was full of sound. But when the sun came from the trees, he was still breathing like the caribou before it dies. He will die without food, I thought. I will look in the forest. I took my gun and went into the bush, walking a short way. I walked a little further. Maybe I would see a rabbit. Then I looked back, and there was the woman. She was walking behind me. 'Come,' I said, 'you shall sit by my brother while he sleeps. You shall not follow me in the snow.' But she held up her hand, holding the palm outward. 'See,' she said, 'I have brought the food.' Food she had, indeed, of the dried flesh of the caribou. 'Tell me, O Pin-e-ah, where did you get this food?' And she laughed. 'Strong man, you would turn me away in the snow. So I have saved the meat of the caribou, and hid it within my breast. It was to keep me on the way, so that I could follow in the trail of the dog-sledge.'

"I took the food and held it in my hand. 'Why do you give me this?' She looked away, but I saw that her eyes were soft.

"Again I spoke to her. 'Why do you give me this meat of the caribou?' 'I know not,' she answered, 'lest it is that thou art strong and that I would have thee, O Muskosi-Amik"—calling me in my Algonquin name. Then I spat upon the meat, and threw it on the snow. 'Go!' I said, and walked among the trees. I came to a ridge, and there was a moose. He was a big bull. He yarded alone because he was big. 'Hoh!' I cried to myself, 'there is a big bull. I will kill him, and my brother shall live.' I raised my gun. Then I put it down again. I prayed, saying the good words the father had taught me. Then I raised my gun, and fired. I saw him fall, and ran in shouting. But he got upon his feet, and went away. I looked, and there was blood upon the snow. I saw his hair where the bullet had cut it. I saw that it was yellow, and I knew I had hit him too low. I lifted the blood upon the snow, and it showed no froth. 'Never mind,' I said, 'I will follow. Maybe he will fall.' So I followed a long way till he came to the ice. There he ran fast, and I could not catch him. So I came up to the camp.

My brother lay by the fire. I heard his voice, and he talked with Muckwa—the dead Muckwa, who lay in his lodge over there. They talked as friends, for they had often taken the caribou together. But the woman spoke shrilly, bidding him be done. 'Peace!' I said, standing before the fire. She looked at me, and saw that there was blood on my hands, where I had lifted it from the snow. 'See,' she said, softly speaking that my brother should not hear, 'the strong man returns and there is moose meat. Come, we will go and skin the moose.'

"'Have done,' I said, 'I have not killed the moose.'

"I sat beside the fire. 'You have food,' I said; 'give it to me, so that my brother may eat.' She drew her blanket about her, and rose up. 'No,' she said, 'he is already starting on the long journey, and needs no food. I and you shall eat.' I thought a while, 'Shall I kill this woman?' Then I remembered the good words the father spoke, and I said, 'No, I cannot kill this woman.' So I said:

"'Pin-e-ah, give me food; I am hungry.' I said to myself, 'I will get this food, and give it to my brother.' So she gave me a part of the caribou meat, and I made a pot of birch-bark. I thought to myself, 'I will boil it for my brother.' She sat beside me, and put her hand upon my shoulder. 'Listen, O Muskosi-Amik,' she said, calling on me by my Algonquin name. 'Thou art a strong man and shall live. I will go with you.' She looked at me with her eyes wet like the eyes of the mother doe, and I trembled. For I was afraid of this woman, the She-Wolf, who came from the land where the streams run the other way; from the land where there are no trees.

"'Hoh!' cried my brother, rising up. He threw off the skins, and looked at the

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woman. Then he looked at me, and at the pot of birch-bark boiling on the fire. 'Hoh!' he cried; 'there is food, and yet I starve!' He reached for the pot, but the woman struck down his hand. 'Hoh!' he cried, 'am I Muckwa, to die like this?' He struck the woman on the face, and she fell. 'Peace, O my brother!' I said, and he turned, roaring strange words. 'Thou, too,' he said, and fell upon me. The fever-madness had made him strong, and I was a child in his arms. He threw me on the snow, holding one hand upon my throat. In his other he held the skinning-knife. 'Hoh!' he cried, putting it to my throat; 'thou, too, shalt die.' He raised his hand to thrust, and then I should have died. 'Peace, O brother!' I cried aloud. Then I heard a loud noise and my mouth was filled with smoke. My brother fell on my face, and his hand loosened upon my throat. My eyes were blinded, and my face was sticky wet as with sap when the trees run in the spring. 'Hoh!' I said to myself; 'I am dead.' But I was not hurt. I pushed my brother from me, and looked up. Pin-e-ah stood beside us, and my gun smoked in her hands. I looked about, and my brother lay upon his face. He was dead. 'You have killed my brother, O Pin-e-ah,' I said, and she shook her head. 'No—yes—and I have saved thy life.'

"'Thou hast saved my life, but look, thou woman of evil, thou hast slain my brother.'

"I sat by the fire and the night went away. I saw the sun come out of the trees. I wrapped my brother in his blanket and carried him into the bush. The woman sat by the fire and held my gun between her knees. I saw that it was loaded again. 'Give me my gun,' I said, but she shook her head. 'I will keep thy gun, O Muskosi-Amik,' she answered, 'and I shall go with you, following behind. Come, shall we go?' I looked at her and smiled, lying like the traders in those days when they took the fur of the tribes.

"'Yes, you shall go, and I shall carry the meat you have, because I am strong.' Then, too, she smiled, calling me a strong man, and handing me the meat. 'But I will walk behind.'

"'Give me the gun,' I said; 'I am strong, and will carry that too.'

"'No, I will walk behind, carrying your gun.'

"So I walked ahead, and when we got among the trees I ran. 'Do not run!' she cried, and I looked behind me. I saw her point the gun, and jumped behind a tree, like the deer when he is frightened. Then she fired, and I went back, unharmed, and plucked the gun from her hands before she could load again. I took the powder and the bullets, and she crouched at my feet like the husky when the whip cracks over him in the snow. 'Come,' I said, 'we will go. Come, chief's daughter, She-Wolf from the land where there are no trees.'

"I led her among the trees, and she wept —'Ay-I-ay-I! You will take me with you on the way?' I said, 'Yes,' but smiling no more. 'Yes, I will take you on the way, Pin-e-ah. It is a long journey we shall take.'

"It snowed then. I went a long way, camping twice, and we came into this country. It snowed again, and hid our tracks almost under our feet. 'It is good,' I thought, 'for this woman from the land where there are no trees cannot find her way among the bush. Good-by, O Pin-e-ah.'

I ran and she followed. But I was a strong man, and ran far ahead. Then I hid in the bushes, doubling on my track like the bull moose when he rests. I saw her run by, calling; she was calling me in my Algonquin name. But I let her go by. I knew she could not find me, nor could she find her way among the trees. So I laughed, for my heart was bad. I walked away and camped. I sat in the snow, with my blanket about my knees and a little fire between. She should not see my fire, I said. Once I heard her calling in the night. She called then three times, and after that she screamed like the cat-owl when he hunts. I smiled. When the sun came up from the trees, there was no snow in the sky. So I walked back a long way, and there were her tracks. I followed. Sometimes she ran, but not for long. But I was strong and soon caught up. She had fallen in the snow, yet she was not dead. I watched, and she arose from the snow. She looked around and ran. Sometimes she yelled, for when one has a fear among the trees and is lost, he runs and wastes his breath in screaming. So I watched her a long way, and then I went back to my brother, where he lay in the snow. 'Come,' I said, 'I will take you to the fort, and then you shall lie among your people. Come.' So I took him on my shoulders and—many days I walked—and brought him to the fort.

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"'Father,' I said, 'here is my brother. He is dead, and I have left the woman from the land where there are no trees over there in the bush.'

"'You have done evil, my son,' he said. 'Go find the woman who was from the land where there are no trees.'

"So I went to find her. Many days I looked, for she had run far among the trees. It was when the sun shines longest that I saw where she fell. A bear had been there—Muckwa in his spirit. He had torn the woman from the north, for his rage, no doubt, was great. So I buried her, and this is her cross that stands in the bush."

Lemaire arose and threw a log upon the fire. The leaping flame lighted his face, and calmness lay upon it. He stood a moment staring into the snow. Then he waved his arm broadly.

"Many snows have passed since then," he said.

CHANGES.

By Alberta Bancroft.

It must have been long time ago—
But once the Spaniards owned this land,
Our valleys where our orchards stand.
They lived in fine old Spanish style
With fan and spur and bow and smile,
And lace mantillas by the mile.
My mother told me so:
And that is how I know.

It must have been long time ago—
The Sotos held a hundred hills
And never troubled about bills.
De Silva had so many sheep
It took three valleys for their keep.
He never worked: he'd dance and sleep.
It's very strange, I know—
Yet mother told me so.

But that was many years ago—
The Sotos kill our gophers, now;
De Silvas walk behind our plough;
And old Pacheco, strange to tell—
He owned a town and lands as well—
Has beets and cabbages to sell.
It's really, truly so:
I see them, and I know.

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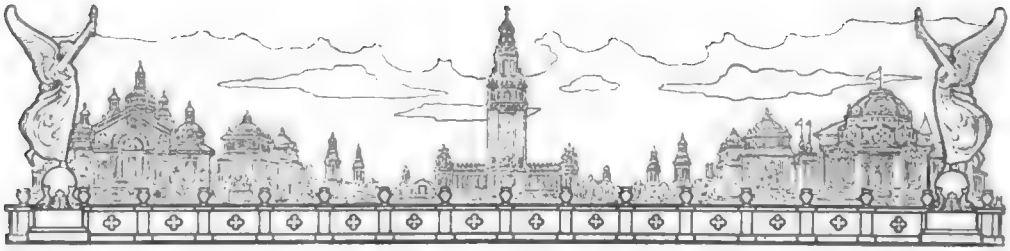

HOW TO SEE THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

By Mary Bronson Hartt.

THE vanishing of Chicago's "White City" was the signal for a chorus of wails from millions who had missed it. "Nobody told us," said they. "We did not know how beautiful it was until it was too late."

It would be a thousand pities that the Rainbow City, vanishing a few weeks hence, should leave behind it such another crop of harassing regrets. So, even at this eleventh hour, it is pardonable to repeat what has been said in crescendo ever since the first of May—the Pan-American is industrially too significant, educationally too important, and æsthetically too superb to be passed by. If all the rest were not, if we had only night—the luminous Pan-American night—with skies deepened to vivid Italian blue by the yellow radiance of the incandescent city, lagoons wavering with liquid fire, and tinted walls translucent like onyx under the flood of mellow light—if that were all, it would still be little better than crime to cut oneself off from the sight.

"But," say those whose purses are of the exhaustible kind, "can we afford it?" Bugaboo stories of extortion at the Pan-American have been so widely circulated that it gives careful folk a financial panic just to think of Buffalo. Rumor has it that the way out of the difficulty is to put up at one of the outlying towns near Buffalo, say Lockport or Niagara Falls. There could be no greater mistake. The possible saving of money would be more than offset by the loss of time and freshness in tedious trips on crowded trolleys. Besides it is not necessary. Nothing is easier, to be sure, than to squander a small fortune at the Pan-American; but economy is by no means impossible. Hotels and boarding-houses must be eschewed, however, if economy is your aim; the private home is distinctly the place for that. Literally thousands of such homes are offering rooms at one dollar the night for each guest. Anyone who pays more than that has himself to thank.

A capital way for a party bound for Buffalo is to send ahead one member as a scout to look up accommodations for the rest. If arrangements must be made by mail, the countless rooming bureaus will provide suitable addresses, and the Official Information Bureau, 213 Ellicott Square, will send lists of reliable agencies. As to locality, any comfortable house on the West Side, north of Allen Street, and near a trolley line to the Exposition, would do. Locations "near the grounds" sound better than they are; for almost without exception such houses are too far from the gates to enable an ordinary mortal to walk. The trolley service is so ample and so swift (twenty minutes from the heart of the city to the Exposition) that a few blocks more or less is of little moment.

The Lincoln Parkway entrance is undoubtedly the "strait gate" of the Exposition. But since it is comparatively inaccessible most people content themselves with the second-best, or Elmwood entrance. Even that approach is very lovely. After exploring the horticultural gardens, not overlooking the bed of fantastic cacti from Mexico, you skirt the rushy shore of Mirror Lake and enter the Court of Fountains by the Triumphal Bridge in company with the just who came in the proper way.

A first day at the Exposition can scarce be better spent than in loitering about the courts, letting the beauty of the soft color and the wealth of exquisite detail, lavished everywhere, sink into mind and memory. Exhibits may wait a bit. It is the spectacle which will be longest remembered. And the more you look at it the more it will grow upon you. Some of us who have been lingering in these courts day after day for months have not yet begun to exhaust their fascination.

There is no better way to get a general idea of the plan of the grounds than to take the smooth-running elevator to the upper landing of the Electric Tower. From that height you see all at once the splendid expanse of the Court of Fountains and the beautiful proportioned little Plaza behind the tower. However, if you are to go up there but once, by all means let that once be at night. By day the view is magnificently wide; but touched by the magic of incandescence it is beautiful beyond expression. Another restful way to get acquainted with the grounds is to take passage in the electric launches which circle the Grand Canal. Passing entirely outside the courts, the canal introduces you to the outer entrances of the great buildings, often even more charming than the main doorways, and gives you glimpses of the Stadium, the Mission Building, the log huts of the Six Nation Indians, and some of the State buildings, which might otherwise long remain strangers. Beside the canal runs a shaded footpath offering the same advantages as the water route, save that you propel yourself.

All about the grounds sculpture, more or less impressive, calls for attention. Some of the best of this, notably that in the Plaza and in the niches of the Propylæa, is from the antique, and still other statues are copies of bronze or marble works executed by Americans for parks or public buildings. The finest of

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these is St. Gaudens' mounted figure of General Sheridan, which stands in front of the Art Gallery. Next to that is probably French's equestrian statue of Washington, at the head of the approach to the bridge. The columns of the approach bear "Victories" from the Dewey Arch, designed by Herbert Adams of New York. Macmonnies' Sir Harry Vane stands on the east side of the Court of Fountains; his "Bacchante" from New York on the west; his Nathan Hale in the colonnade of the Court of Cypresses. In the Court of Lilies stands Ward's familiar "Pilgrim Father."

Of sculpture designed especially for the Pan-American probably the most impressive thing is Karl Bitter's "Mounted Standard Bearers," on the pylons of the Triumphal Bridge. Next to these, in prominence at least, comes the "Goddess of Light," on the tip of the Electric Tower, by Herbert Adams. On each side the cataract fountain in the tower stand George Gray Barnard's figures, typical one of the Niagara of the past, the other of the Niagara of to-day. Niches in the tower colonnade hold figures emblematic of the Great Lakes and the rivers which bind them together. "Lake Michigan" and "Lake Ontario," female figures occupying the south niches, are by Philip Martiny, as are the "Torch Bearers" on the pavilionettes of the tower colonnade and the "Fountain of Abundance" between the Esplanade and the Court of Fountains. The "Fountain of Man" in front of the Government Building, by Charles Grafly, is full of dignity and impressiveness. Further enumeration of notable groups is out of the question; the list is too long. All the sculpture is numbered, and the catalogue is contained in the "Art Handbook," sold all about the grounds.

The preliminary survey over, let us turn to the serious side of the fair. The cream of the exhibits is where it ought to be—under the blue dome of the Government Building, and in its two small wings. Everybody is fascinated with the fish in the south wing, and with the big collection of fishing implements, hatching apparatus, and the like. The best time to see the fish is either very early in the morning before the crowd has gathered, or at three in the afternoon, when they are fed, and some lively pitched battles take place behind the glass. The north wing contains a valuable collection of Philippine curios—weapons, utensils, and so forth—which, with the living Philippine exhibit on the Midway, gives you a very fair idea of life on the islands.

In the main Government Building it is hard to say what you do not want to see. Perhaps the most popular section is that in the southeast corner of the building, under the label "Patent Office." There you see in operation the electrograph, the machine which transmits pictures by wire; the tel-autograph, which enables you to write your signature ever so many miles away; the voting-machine, the entertaining mutoscopes, the mechanical mowing-machine, where the mown grass grows again while you wait, and scores of other ingenious novelties. In a dark room in this same part of the building the government schools make a novel exhibit of their work by means of the biograph and phonograph, the performance taking place at intervals from half past ten in the morning till five at night. Twice every day, at eleven and at two, there is a demonstration of wireless telegraphy in the War Department, under the government dome.

Niagara dominates the Electricity Building. At the east end of the building is a table covered with telephonic transmitters, and you have but to hold two of them to your ears to hear the thunderous roar of the Falls. The roar was captured by a transmitter in the Cave of the Winds, and is used as a sort of "ballyhoo" by one of the great telephone companies. Nearly half of the north wall of the building is occupied by the big transformer plant, where the power from the Falls, arriving at the high and dangerous potential of 11,000 volts, is stepped down to that of 1,800 volts for use about the grounds.

This is an electric exposition; the electrical exhibits cannot be contained in a single building; they are everywhere. Niagara power drives the trolley which carries you to the grounds; turns the wheels of the countless machines in Machinery Hall; whirls the electric fans which cool the theatres in the Midway; illuminates the cycloramas and other electrical effects and illusions; makes possible the powerful searchlight on the Electric Tower which sends signals to Toronto; glows in the blended colors of the Electric Fountain, and blossoms in a whole firmament of electric stars which make up the glory of the Pan-American illumination. All this makes of supreme interest a modest little working-model of the Niagara Power House, near the western end of the Electricity Building. A portion of the outer wall is removed to allow you to see the wheel-pit and penstocks, and the turbines spinning in the rush of water, revolving the humming dynamos in the power-house above.

Much of the apparatus in the Electricity Building is beyond the ken of the layman; but the improved phonographs which send their strong, full voices ringing through the building, appeal to the interest of the least technically inclined. In a green burlaps-covered cabinet near the centre of the building is shown a novel apparatus called the akouphone, an electrical appliance enabling the deaf to hear by increasing the force of sound-waves. The Delany telegraph system, the model telephone station, and the X-rays demonstration attract attention by day, while at night the beautiful display of hanging Nernst lamps in the draped roof make the building charming beyond its sister structures.

In the Manufactures Building all the beautiful things—the gems, the silver, the decorated pottery, the embroideries, and so forth—are gathered in the charming Inner Court, with the famous Tiffany Fountain in the centre. Here are the Dewey sword, the Tiffany diamond, the one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar pearl necklace, and a fine collection of Favril glass, some of which will never be reproduced. The display of Rookwood pottery shows the immense variety of color and design being introduced into the ware which most of us were so well content to recognize by its moss and lichen shades and rich underglaze effects.

Outside the Inner Court the great Manufactures Building has literal acres of material—all of it of interest to somebody, but comparatively little interesting to everybody. Materfamilias finds in the Pure Foods Section a mine of house-keeping wisdom. Paterfamilias goes through tasting and scoffing. Materfamilias is full of enthusiasm for the model bathroom, and the model nursery in the Manufactures Annex. Paterfamilias gets absorbed in the big models of the Nicaragua and Panama Canal routes (which, by the by, appear to argue overwhelmingly in favor of Panama). These models in the southwest corner of the building, together with the Health Officers' Exhibit, the sewage-fertilizing display, and the contents of the Educational Section not far off, are the most important things in the building. Among exhibits which "go" are the complete shoemaking display of the Kulture shoe firm, the diamond-

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cutting, silk-weaving, and silk-reeling from cocoons; the latter shown in the Corticelli silk booth, together with specimens of the silkworm from the new-born worm to the glossy cocoon. In the section devoted to musical instruments one can hear hourly concerts by mechanical piano-players and æolians, and every two hours the amazing automatic brass band drowns every other sound in the building. For the rest one must chose for oneself.

Agriculture, just across the way, is one of the most charming buildings in color and detail on the grounds. It pays to go in by the main entrance for the sake of seeing the deep recessed bays headed by bronzed Spanish shell designs, which open on each side the vestibule, and the curious use of lattice and grapevine in the decoration of the archway. The picturesque interior, with its booths decorated with corn and hard red wheat, is seen to best advantage from the balcony. The Latin Americas, inconspicuous or wanting in the other buildings, come out strong in agriculture. Some of them, like Argentine Republic and Nicaragua, have preferred to mass their products here rather than scatter them through the other departments. A trip round these foreign booths leaves you profoundly impressed with the prodigality of the soil of Central and South American countries, and the sufficiency of the western continent for all the needs of the New World. A corresponding tour of the United States Section serves to deepen your faith in the enterprise and progressiveness of the great American farmer.

Back in the Stadium, under the seats of the arena, are shown hundreds of farming implements of American invention and manufacture. The place is much haunted by farmers, who caress the ploughs as a surgeon might his pet instruments; but it is by no means an uninteresting place for people who know little about farming. A significant exhibit is a reaper made especially for the Mexican trade, showing that we are learning the first principle of commerce with the southern countries—not to force on them what we think would be good for them, but to give them precisely what they themselves demand.

Beyond the Propylæa, in the Railway Exhibit Building, are dozens of magnificent big locomotives, and new model trolley cars and devices for automatic coupling and the like. A big steam shovel, in operation out of doors just beyond the Railway Building, is a sight worth an effort to see.

The Mines Building is very full and intensely interesting. For people not especially fond of minerals the central case of native gems will probably prove most attractive. In horticulture there are no more valuable exhibits than those of California and Florida. The biggest engines in Machinery Hall are in the depressed Central Court. Among the more interesting exhibits on the ground floor are the ice-machines, the paper-box making, the great drills and lathes, and the like. But, then, to those who love machinery it is all fascinating.

One of the most important sections of the grounds is that of the Foreign Buildings, to the south of the Triumphal Bridge. The exhibits in these pretty little pavilions are peculiarly significant. Perhaps the most complete and interesting of the displays belongs to Chile. Mexico has scattered her fine exhibits through all the big buildings, reserving for her own building only the mining display and a collection of Mexican fauna.

All this investigated, there is still the Art Gallery. The big collection of paintings is so thoroughly representative of the work of American artists at home and abroad, and so full of superlative merit, that it makes one a better American just to walk through it. But it is emphatically not a one-picture collection. You cannot name the masterpiece, nor even the score of masterpieces. A week would be too short to get really intimate with all the good things in the gallery. But there are some pictures which must not be overlooked even in a cursory survey of the collection. In the vestibule Charles H. Davis' "Summer Clouds" repays study. The Sargents, Millets, Shannons, and the single Edwin Abbey are the notable canvases of Gallery B. Room C is rich with the pictures of Vedder, Whistler, Alexander Harrison, and J. W. Alexander. In the next room, the large Gallery D, Walter Gay's "Mass in Brittany" and Charles Sprague Pearce's "Sheepfold" will not be overlooked because of their size, nor Julius Stewart's studies of sunlight on flesh, or Gari Melcher's "Dutch Peasants," because of their daring color. But Dannat's "After the Mass" does not speak so loudly. Gallery E is a small room, but the Daingerfield "Madonna," Birge Harrison's "Boston Common in Winter," together with forest studies by Shurtleff and cattle studies by Howe and a crisp marine by Rehn, make it notable. Henry Snell's fine marines, Albert Lynch's portraits, Coffin's delicate landscapes, and J. G. Brown's unspeakable commonplaces call for special note in Room F. Perhaps the richest room in the gallery is Room G. With Inness and Homer Martin and Wyant—our landscape old masters—and Blakelock, Ranger, Robert Minor, George Bogert, and John La Farge exhibiting in one room, there is scarce a canvas which doesn't demand study. "H" has Beckwith's stunning portraits, Davis' moonlight studies, more brilliant portraits by the feminine Sargent—Cecilia Beaux—Tarbell's clever sketches of pretty women, and, best of all, three charming pictures by Henry Oliver Walker, and Frank Benson's supremely beautiful "Summer." Tryon's dim and tender landscapes alternate with Dewing's imaginative studies of graceful women on the western wall of Gallery I. Portraits by Irving Wiles and Chase, and a strikingly clever picture of two sisters by Cecilia Beaux, Horatio Walker's strong pictures of the "Man with the Plough," George de Forest Brush's "Mother and Child," and Abbott Thayer's glorious "Young Woman" are among the finest things in the gallery. Tucked away in Room J are Will H. Low's exquisite "Wood Nymphs," Church's "Knowledge is Power," Robert Blum's "Tokio," Charles Platt's "New England Hillsides," and Twachtman's wildest flights of impressionism.

It is a long drop from the Art Gallery to the Midway. But everybody wants to know what are the really worth-while shows.

There are four genuine foreign villages: the Philippine, African, Eskimo, and Indian. Of these the most novel is certainly the Filipino Village, one of the most thoroughly native things on the Street of Streets. The performance in the pretty little theatre is charmingly varied and daintily amusing, and between-times the inhabitants go about their business, wash their clothes tropical fashion by slapping them on stones, hold cock-fights, ride about after awkward water-buffalo, and give you every opportunity to see them live. I am tempted to put next the Indian Congress with its seven hundred befeathered warriors and beaded squaws and papooses from the untamed Western tribes, living in their untidy tepees, weaving blankets, and displaying the savage picturesqueness of their native dances and games. The sham battle,

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for all its noise and show of war bonnets, is not the real feature of the Indian Congress. That is the performance in the ceremonial house which costs you an additional ten cents, but where you see Geronimo and the other celebrities at much closer range than in the big arena. Moreover, the defiance dance and the dance of the little children are of absorbing picturesqueness and interest. The slant-eyed Eskimos, in their seal-skins, are perhaps not quite so picturesque as the Indians, but behind their white ice-barrier they are living as genuinely an Eskimo life as the changed conditions will permit. You see them sewing after their misguided, back-handed fashion; carving in bone, cooking, paddling about their miniature lake, and playing their queer rough games with all the spirit that their burdensome furs have left them. Many people would put the Africans—Dahomeys, Pigmies, and Loangoans—before the jolly Northmen; but in one respect the Eskimos are distinctly superior—they show you their every-day life. Life in Africa, to judge from the Pan-American representation of it, must be one long carnival; for from morning to night the natives do nothing but dance. Those who are a trifle horrified at the scanty dress which these midnight-colored savages wear in the outer dance hall, had better not venture into the theatre (where, assurances to the contrary notwithstanding, an extra quarter's fee is charged), for there the Loango dancing girls dispense with a portion of the drapery they appear in outside.

Beautiful Orient would deserve to be called a village were it not that its inhabitants comprise such varied nationalities: Cingalese, Algerians, Tunisians, Turks, Nubians, and whatnot (all unfortunately without their labels), and there is so little normal village-life to be seen. Nobody who remembers Cairo Street at the World's Fair need be told that you can scarce spend fifteen cents to better advantage than to buy admission to these lively streets when the camels and Jerusalem donkeys are in full career, burdened with hilarious passengers. Nor need they be told that unless they are very careful they will spend more than that fifteen cents before they come out, for these suave Turks are the best salesmen in the world.

Fair Japan is so exquisitely pretty that you don't stop to inquire whether it is characteristic or not. As a matter of fact, nobody lives in the one Japanese dwelling-house. But you see native artists painting dainty name-cards, and native women baking crisp rice-cakes, while in the hand-painted theatre gorgeously dressed little Japs perform miracles of acrobatics with an ease which makes it pure pleasure to watch them, and real Geisha girls go through their slow posture dances to the sound of the plaintive samisen.

So much for villages, genuine and semi-genuine. There are three fantastic oddities which people like or don't like according to temperament. Nobody should go to the Moon or the House Upside Down who is destitute of imagination and perennial childishness, and nobody should go through Darkness and Dawn who doesn't like to be agreeably harrowed and horrified. Cyclorama lovers will be pleased with Jerusalem, Missionary Ridge, the Johnstown Flood, Burning Mountain, and Land of the Midnight Sun. Then there is a handful of low-priced shows: the Ostrich Farm; Esau, the educated Chimpanzee who eats with a knife and fork; Bonner, the beautiful horse who writes on a blackboard and does simple sums in addition; Chiquita, the pretty little twenty-six-inch Cuban dwarf; Lubin's moving pictures, and the Old Plantation. No one of these is a "fake" in the sense of being other than it claims to be, but the performances are brief in just proportion to the low fee.

To see the best of the performance in Bostock's Wild Animal Arena you need to be in the building between four and five in the afternoon, or between eight and nine at night, for those hours Bonivita's big group of trained lions are in the arena, and those lions are the climax of the show.

The problem of dinner at the Pan-American is one of grave importance. If you are careless of expense it is easy to be happy; you dine in Alt Nürnberg, or up in the Tower, or at the American Inn. But if you want your money for something more lasting than viands the case is complicated. There are two fifty-cent dinners offered on the grounds: one at the restaurant beside the Philippine Village, the other in the Dairy Building. There is even a thirty-five-cent dinner to be had beside the East Amherst gate. For this I cannot vouch. In general the low-priced places furnish as good service and as desirable a *ménu* as could be expected with Pan-American prices prevailing at the markets. The Nebraska Sod House used to be an exception. It furnished, and still furnishes for that matter, a meal of fricaseed chicken, coffee, and bread and butter for thirty cents. And it was good. But unfortunately everybody knows about the Sod House now, and unless you go at eleven o'clock in the morning it is always full and close. The Rice Kitchen is another reasonable place, but too popular for comfort. There is a moderate-priced restaurant with entrance from the street in Fair Japan. "Streets of Mexico" serves both native tamales and *chili con carne* and American food well cooked, at prices below that of the dearest places. Sandwiches and such unstaying trifles can be had at lunch counters everywhere, but they are not cheaper than more substantial dishes—that is, if you buy enough to sustain life. Habitués of the Exposition get their most substantial meal at noon at one of the cheaper places, and sup lightly at Alt Nürnberg to the music of the fine band, or up on the colonnade of the Electric Tower with the whole sunlit spectacle spread out before them.

Wherever you dine the function should be gotten over before the afterglow is gone; for twilight is, next to illuminated night, the enchanted hour at the Exposition. Choose that time to stroll about the Court of Fountains or along the banks of the canal. Go over to the east front of the Mines Building for a long look at the Triumphal Bridge with the four white chargers rearing superbly skyward on the pylon towers, and at the white image of bridge and pylons drowned in the bright depths of Mirror Lake. Then go back to the bridge itself and see the sunset glow over the towering roofs of Horticulture and the fine old elms in Delaware Park. Then when the dimming of the low lights about you warns that the climax of the Exposition day has come, go down to where the great bridge meets the Esplanade and keep your eyes on the Electric Tower. Faintly the rose-pink color flushes the side of the tall shaft. The light of the elevator drops twinkling like a falling star through the grill-work of the tower. The rose deepens and deepens on tower and dome and pinnacle, and then while the throng on the Esplanade holds its breath the light slowly rises to the brightness of the sun but without the glare, the softness of the moon without its coldness. A wonderful pure, soft radiance fills ever the air, a radiance which brings out every subtle harmony of color, every detail of fretted architecture, and, behold, that new wonder of the world—the Pan-American night—is born.

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HAGGERTY'S PULLET.

By Ernest A. Gerrard.

IT was a dull afternoon at the nation's Capitol, and a little group of Congressmen and law-makers had gathered together in one of the House lobbies and were telling stories, as usual. At last the conversation drifted to cock-fighting in Mexico, when the Colonel broke in with his story about Haggerty's pullet.

"It was in 187–, and we were stationed down on the Mexican frontier. Geronimo and his Apache followers happened to be quiet for a spell, and we had little to do, so the boys put in their time betting on the cock-fights which the Mexicans were forever having.

"I was captain in the Tenth then, and Haggerty was my fourth sergeant. He was always up to some devilment. Why, he put in weeks once, learning to imitate the brogue of a lank Swede we had in our company when we were out at Fort Kearney. And, when he got the brogue down pat, he taught his cur dog to howl whenever he dropped into the lingo.

"Then he took the dog around where the Swede was, and every time the Swede opened his mouth that dog would begin to howl. The Swede would talk louder and louder, so he could be heard above the howling; but the louder he talked the louder the cur howled. You ought to have heard that concert. Well, the Swede got morose and sullen. Then one day the dog mysteriously disappeared.

"When Haggerty found out that the Swede had killed his dog, he got his Colt's revolver and began to hunt for him. We had to put Haggerty in the guard-house until we had the Swede exchanged to another station. But that isn't about the cock-fight.

"Well, you know how those Mexicans bet, and especially on cock-fights. *You* know, B——." He spoke to a Southern Congressman.

"Yes, I know, I know; we all know. Go on with the story," he answered.

"Well, you see, Jerry West—Jerry was from back in Indiana, and Jerry's folks used to send him a paper every once in a while. They were those old-style family papers with everything in them, except the news. Always a lot of useless information about farms and farming, you know."

They all nodded their heads. They all knew.

"Well, one day Haggerty was looking over Jerry's papers—Jerry was a corporal then, and was writing a letter home to his folks—when Haggerty breaks out with, 'For God's sake, Jerry! Is that thrue now?'

"'Is what thrue now?' asks Jerry, mimicking Haggerty's accent.

"'It says, says it, that if ye's holds a hin's nose down to a board, says it, and draws a line, a straight line now, from her nose, with a piece of white chalk, that sure and she'll not be able to git up and walk agin unless ye's kicks her over. Now is that thrue?'

"'Sure and it's all thrue,' mimics Jerry.

"'I'll be dommed if I believe it,' says Haggerty.

"Jerry told him to try it, and to get him to do so, he bet him a dollar it would work."

"Will it work?" several of the group asked the Colonel in one voice.

"Of course it will work," answered the Southern Congressman. "We used to do it with the hens when I was a boy."

"Well," continued the Colonel, "Jerry didn't think it would work; and he got Flaherty and Billy Coons and Tom Montgomery and some others to come and watch Haggerty make a fool of himself. He told me on the quiet, so I also dropped in to see the fun.

"Now there were mighty few chickens around barracks in those days, except what the Spaniards had, but Haggerty borrowed an old hen from Colonel G——'s cook. 'Just for a few minutes, Maggie,' he told her. 'And what for do you want a hin for a few minutes?' questioned Maggie. 'Sure and Jerry's made some soup, and we're going to have the hin cast a shadow on it to give it a flavor. I'll bring her back safe, all right, Maggie.' So he put her in a sack and brought her over to his barrack.

"We were all there, and when Haggerty came in with the hen we all had immense grins on our faces. The joke was too good.

"'Now I'll hold the hin,' said Haggerty, as he fished her out of the bag. 'And you make the mar-rk on the floor,' speaking to Jerry.

"Haggerty took the hen and put her breast down on the floor, but the hen insisted on holding up her head. No nose to the floor for her. Haggerty tipped her more and more forward, but he could not make the bill go down on the pine boards. We were all exploding with laughter."

"That's it," exclaimed Brown, a Western lobbyist. "You can't make a hen put her bill down; can you?"

The Colonel smiled at him, then went on with the story.

"'It's a hill of a hin ye are,' exclaimed Haggerty, 'but I'll git yer head down there or bust; I will, so I will.' And all the time Jerry was squatting opposite him with the chalk on the floor, ready to make the line.

"'I'll take ye's between me knees, and I'll hold ye's so; then I'll stick down yer head with me fist.' And he did. 'Now draw yer line, and draw it stra-aight!' he exclaimed.

"Jerry drew the line straight away from the hen's nose. And as he began to draw it, the hen became quiet; so Haggerty let loose of her, and she lay watch-

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ing Jerry backing away, slowly and carefully tracing the white mark across the pine boards.

"'She's working! She's working!' exclaimed Haggerty in great glee. 'Just ye keep a-drawing of that line. Keep her going! Keep her going!' And he tiptoed around to take a box out of Jerry's way so he would not back over it. 'Keep it going! Don't ye stop.'

"Jerry kept going steadily backward, ever tracing the white line, until he butted into the wall; and ever the hen sat there with her nose on the floor, gazing at the white chalk mark with two bright, starting eyes.

"'I can't go no further,' whispered Jerry. 'Then stay there, stay there,' cautioned Haggerty. We all stood struck dumb with astonishment.

"So we remained for some time, when Haggerty finally said, 'I guess I'd better kick her over now. She's the Colonel's hin.' So he kicked her over, and Jerry straightened up. The rest of us gathered around to see how she would act.

"The hen got up in rather a dazed way, walked around in an unsteady manner for a few minutes, then went to pecking at some bread Haggerty threw down to her.

"'The dollar is yours, Jerry,' said Haggerty, after the hen had eaten a few crumbs, 'but I niver tho't she'd do it. Niver onst, on me life.'"

"But, Colonel, did it really happen?" inquired Brown, the lobbyist.

"Happen? Of course it happened. You don't think I am making this all up, do you?"

"Didn't I say I did it lots of times when I was a boy?" questioned the Southern Congressman.

"But it seems so improbable," the lobbyist insisted.

"That's what we all thought," answered the Colonel "Try it yourself. That's the only way to be convinced. It may take several trials at that before you are sure you have not been dreaming."

"But, Colonel, that has not brought us to the cock-fight yet," put in a Northern Senator.

"No, the cock-fight is another story," laughed the Colonel, "but this is the introduction to that story.

"That incident with the hen made a great impression on Haggerty. It seemed to change his whole life. He got so much interested in hens that he rigged up a little chicken-lot of his own, with a high fence about it and no knot-holes; and for the next six months he put in a great part of his spare time in that chicken-lot. I never heard of any one being so interested in chickens before—that is, at a military post.

"At first all the boys chaffed him about it a good deal, but when they found out that he gave Maggie her weekly supply of eggs and broilers, and that for that reason, as well as for several others not quite so obvious, he became Maggie's favorite beau, they ceased to bother him, and even wished that they also were in the chicken business.

"About six months after the affair with the old hen Haggerty asked me to come to his chicken-yard, as he had something fine to show me. I had not been in his yard as yet, so, of course, I went.

"Within the larger yard he had a smaller yard with a smooth, sanded surface, and into it he conducted me with great gravity. Under his arm, in the fashion of cock-fighters, he carried an undersized yellow pullet.

"'She's the only one as would do it,' he explained to me when I looked at the scrub pullet. 'All the others is too lazy or too stupid.'

"'Do what, Haggerty?' I asked.

"'That's just what I'm going to show ye's. She's an eddicated him.' He put her down on the ground, and she walked around without the least fear, looking for something to eat.

"'Now just ye's watch her,' he said. She was up at the farther end of the little enclosure. 'Now watch.' Then he spoke to the hen. 'Duck, Scrubby! Duck!' he commanded. And the hen squatted flat on the ground with her neck outstretched. 'Back out! Back out!' he next ordered, and she began to move back toward us. 'Now watch her nose,' he cautioned me. As the hen wriggled backwards her curved beak made a small, distinct mark in the pure white sand. 'Back out! Back out!' he kept excitedly exclaiming, until she had backed almost to our feet. 'Get up! Corn, corn!' he then said to her, and she got up, and immediately began to pick up the corn which he had thrown down to her.

"'What do you think of that now? Ain't she fine now!' he exclaimed in rapture when the feat was over. 'Took me three months to get her to do it; but she does it all right now. Ain't it great? Won't I cook them Greesiers!'

"I was perfectly mystified. What on earth he wanted to teach a hen such a foolish thing as that for, I couldn't imagine. And as for a show, the Greesiers wouldn't pay ten cents to see it one hundred times. They wouldn't look at it if he gave a free exhibition on the streets. 'But I don't see—' I stammered.

"'Ye don't see, don't ye's? Well, just ye wait till I git me rooster.'

"'Got a trained rooster too?' I exclaimed.

"'Trained nawthing,' he replied; 'ye's can't teach them the first rhudiments, not even right nor lift face.'

"'Well, what do you want of the rooster then?' I asked.

"'To show ye's how the pullet can fight him.'

"'The hen is a fighter, is she?'

"'Well, no,' he replied, 'not exactly. Ye see the line the hin made with her nose. Well, ye's mind the time we made the chalk line from the old hin's nose?'

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'Well, the pullet makes them from the roosters' noses, and she lays them all out stiff. They can't none of them lick her.'

"'The devil you say,' I exclaimed.

"'Sure she does. I'll show ye's.'

"Haggerty went and got a game-rooster and put him into the lot. He immediately made for the scrub, but the pullet showed fight. Up and down went their heads opposite each other, the rooster looking for a chance to strike. Up and down the two beaks kept moving, until, when they were near the ground, suddenly, 'Duck! Back out!' came the command, and the yellow pullet began to trace the line in the sand. 'Back out! Back out!' Haggerty kept softly calling, till the pullet was about two yards away; then, 'Get up! Corn, corn!' he exclaimed, and the pullet stood up and began picking up the grain. The rooster lay there with his nose to the sand-drawn line.

"'Ye's got to have the sun on the side of them, else there won't no line show,' Haggerty explained to me as he picked up the game-cock and tossed him into the other lot. 'And now what do ye's think of the pullet?'

"'I think she is a wonder, Haggerty,' I said, 'and I congratulate you on your success. She's a dream.' I almost said a nightmare.

"'And can I beat them Greesiers with her?'

"'Beat them! She can lick any rooster on earth, if she gets a fair chance.'

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"'Sure she can; sure she can. That's just what I've been thinking.'"

"Well, that's the queerest thing I ever heard of," broke in an Eastern Representative, who had lately joined the group.

"Of course it is strange," answered the Colonel. "When I told the other officers at the fort, not one of them would believe a word of the story; not a word. So Haggerty had to show every one of them.

"We finally arranged it that Haggerty should match his pullet against the best fighting-cock in the town, and we who were on the inside of the deal were to give him one-third of our winnings, because he had trained the pullet.

"Haggerty put three second-rate game roosters and the pullet on exhibition, and stated that one of them would be selected to fight against the famous rooster. The rooster belonged to a Spaniard—I've forgotten his name, but he owned a superb *hacienda* just west of us.

"All the natives for fifty miles around came in and sized up those scrub game-cocks and the scrub pullet, and they bet, at all kinds of odds, everything they had with them.

"Our boys saw that their officers were backing Haggerty, so they rallied to the betting, and, though they feared they would lose, bet on the strength of their faith in their superior officers and because they got unusually large odds.

"We were all gathered about the little sanded cock-pit one bright July day. It was afternoon, and the sun was beginning to cast short shadows. The Don, with his celebrated cock, all bespurred and belligerent, was in the ring waiting, when Haggerty came crowding through the throng with a closed basket in his hand.

"The crowd leaned forward, eagerly expectant, anxious to see which of the scrub cocks Haggerty was to set up against the sleek and beautiful champion. Haggerty walked to the north side of the ring and glanced at the sun. He wanted to be sure that the sun was on the side of the chickens when the fight took place, otherwise all would be lost. Then he set down his basket, reached in, and, with a curious smile, took out the little scrub yellow pullet.

"You ought to have heard the roar that came from that crowd. The Mexicans could not contain themselves for laughter. The soldiers were furious. They wanted to smash Haggerty then and there. And the Don! If ever you saw an indignant grandee, it was that Don. Fight his rooster against that! *Sacre!* Never!

"Only the few of us officers who were on to the game were cool. The soldiers wanted their money back; the Don wanted to go home; the Mexicans jeered and laughed. Finally, during a lull in the excitement, Colonel K—— made himself heard. He talked to the Don while the crowd listened.

"'You agreed to fight your cock against any of the birds in the coop, and the pullet was there, was it not?' The Spaniard agreed that it was. 'You have put up your money. So have we. If your cock wins, our money is yours. As for the rest,' he turned to the crowd, 'you also have your money up. And now we will see who wins the cash.' The Mexicans cheered, and our boys remained sullenly silent. But there was something so decisive about Colonel K—— that every one obeyed him, no matter what he decreed. The fight went on.

"During the excitement the sand in the pit was all scuffed up, and before the fight began Haggerty gave the pullet to Jerry and got down on his hands and knees and brushed it all nice and smooth and even again. He was very sober and very much in earnest.

"At first the crowd did not watch very closely, and it was only when the pullet and the champion game found themselves opposite each other, with their heads going up and down in rhythmic accord, that silence reigned. Then, as the two heads came near the ground, 'Duck! Back out!' came the sharp command, and the pullet began her backward shuffling.

"Slowly, carefully across the sand she moved, leaving behind her a bright and shadowed line, at the other end of which, with his beak to the ground, crouched the celebrated game-cock. Gradually he sank to the sand and sat there, inert, staring. The people sat astounded, awe-struck.

"'Get up! Corn, corn!' murmured Haggerty, and the hen stood up and then stepped around, picking up the grain which he kept throwing down to her. The cock lay as one dead. The hushed crowd still gazed at the unearthly scene—first at the silent rooster, then at the pecking hen, then at the smiling Haggerty. The silence was oppressive.

"Finally Haggerty pulled out his watch and glanced at the hands. Then he broke the painful silence. 'The five minutes is up. I guess I've won, haven't I?' He spoke to the two judges. They both silently nodded their heads. 'Well, I guess the show's over,' he added, picking up the pullet and putting her in the basket. 'What you all so serious about?'

"The Don finally awoke from his absorbed gaze, went to his champion game, and gave him an angry kick. The rooster rolled over, then got up and looked about the small arena, and, not seeing an adversary, stood up on his tiptoes and crowed victoriously; actually crowed!

"Then the crowd woke up. You should have heard those soldier boys yell. They rushed after Haggerty and loaded him with questions and praise and gifts, and more questions, and more praise, and more gifts. The Mexicans hurried away to their homes in fear. To this day they think Haggerty is some kind of a devil, and I don't blame them."

"I don't either," broke in the lobbyist again. "It doesn't seem possible."

"It is, though," insisted the Colonel, as he rose to go to the House chamber. "Haggerty got enough out of that to set him up in business. You will find him and Maggie running a grocery store in East Bend, Nebraska, doing nicely."

The Colonel went on into the House chamber and left the group sitting there in silence, thinking over the strange events of the story.

"It seems awfully queer," remarked the Northern Representative.

"Yes, it seems more like a dream than a true story," answered Brown.

"I'm sorry I don't know more about hens," put in the Senator. "But I have read of that chalk-line business, now I come to think of it."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," broke in B——, the Southern Congressman, very seriously, "that about the chalk-line is so; I know that. I've done it myself. But no hen, gentlemen—now mark my words—no hen ever walked backwards, so help me! not *backwards*."

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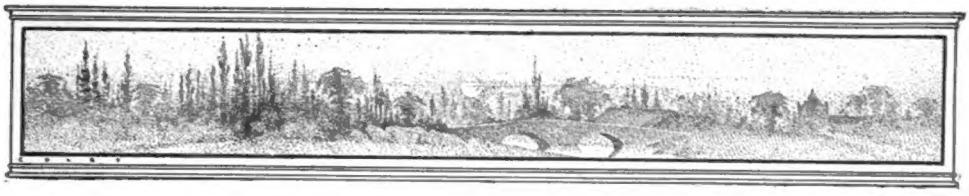

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME BY WORK AT HOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print, from now on, all the *practical* suggestions possible for women who wish to make money by home-work. The "business woman" has innumerable avenues open to her nowadays, but thousands of unskilled workers, often with domestic cares, are utterly unable to find a market for what they might make were they but shown how to go about it.

An announcement of prizes for the best ideas along this line will be found on page 4 of the advertisements.

THE MAKING OF A LITTLE HOUSEWIFE.

By Katharine N. Birdsall.

PERHAPS the average housemother and mother of children will find it hard to realize that there is a crying need for instruction in the every-day affairs of household life, but this is a fact, and a deplorable one.

Many a daughter of the house, busy with her school duties and friends and play, grows into womanhood and is married to the unsuspecting man without knowing how to select at market the best roast of beef or the best chicken, or the prices that should be paid for them; the permissible combinations of the vegetables, and meats and vegetables; the convenient arrangement of the kitchen and choice of utensils; the comparison of different qualities of table linen; and the various intricacies of economy.

It is as necessary for the well-to-do to *understand* economizing as it is for those in very moderate circumstances: while the poor always expect some day to be in better circumstances, the wealthy often overlook the fact that in the future it is possible to be needy. Thrift in housekeeping is also a charity, for if one insists upon the proper economy in one's household, the servants of the house benefit by the restrictions if they start to keep house for themselves.

A good housekeeper, preferably one with an enviable reputation for economics, can establish a course of lessons in housekeeping which will be profitable from every point of view. Only general suggestions can be made regarding an enterprise of this kind, as a housekeeper who wishes to thus add to her income must be guided by the community, her own home arrangements as to time, and various other personal matters to be taken into consideration in starting her classes.

A marketing class can be held as many times a week as desired; two lessons a week being usually convenient for the pupil, and perhaps only one, on Saturday, if the pupil is in school. If a Saturday class is formed, one must be careful not to interfere with the butcher and grocer on his most busy day. It is not advisable to conduct a *large* marketing class—three girls at once will be sufficient; and one must be on the best of terms with the tradesmen to do this advantageously. If a class of three is organized to meet twice a week, say Monday and Thursday, classes can be arranged for the other days, to meet Tuesday and Friday, and Wednesday and Saturday, the teacher being careful to vary her ménu to enable each to have *all* the instruction in different meats, fish, poultry, vegetables, fruits, and dry groceries. The rates chargeable for such instruction must vary according to the location, and also the means of the pupils. Each housekeeper will be her own best judge on this point. As the pupils advance they should arrange to do their own house marketing as practise, under the teacher's direction.

To teach the proper and most convenient arrangement of kitchen, etc., it will of course be necessary to take the pupils into one's own kitchen, and to arrange the course of lessons to suit. A housekeeper who is able to teach will be better fitted to schedule her own classes than can be done for her in this article.

Shopping classes can cover a multitude of wares, those referred to above keeping in touch with housekeeping, and dealing with the selection of table linens, towelling, etc.; also various small house linens, kitchen and household utensils. Housefurnishing is not directly in the housekeeper's every-day realm, although a knowledge of this will grow with the other work, and this branch can also be developed on the same lines.

STORY-TELLING AS A PROFESSION.

By Elizabeth Y. Rutan.

I AM often asked if I got my idea from *Polly Oliver*. No, I did not. Like her I had a *Problem*, and like her I solved it by story-telling; but it was because story-telling was the one thing I could do a little differently from other people, and not because I had heard at that time of *Polly*.

I had told stories to little children ever since I was a little child myself. It was simply a game in which I always happened to be "It," and until a few years

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ago I did not reckon the faculty as peculiar, or see any possibility of service in it. The discovery that I could give pleasure to older people, and to a number of people at once, young or old, came suddenly and without my seeking it. I was in charge of a girls' club. The girls were very tired in the evening, and I could not interest them in study as I had hoped to do; but as we chatted over our work I sometimes told them of books I was reading, or sketched the plot of a story. When I saw that they enjoyed this I began to take pains. I read more carefully, and I made sure of the order of events in a story; I tried to get a clear conception of the characters in order to impart a vivid picture to the girls; and, what they appreciated most of all, I memorized characteristic phrases.

If I had been working consciously I could not have had better preparation for what was to become my chief occupation a few years later; but for months I did not see that what I called my "book reviewing" was leading to anything, or was in the least connected with my childish habit of story-telling. One night I had been talking to the girls about Miss Wilkins, and I began to sketch for them the tale of the poor little maid who eloped with the tin pedler. The story always touches me, and as I told it that night I felt an unusual, impersonal sensation; I was listening to my own story—an attitude of mind that has continued with me in all my subsequent story-telling. I saw the girls put down their work, and I knew that they were looking at me in a way that made me uncomfortably self-conscious; but at the same time something in me, entirely independent of the self-consciousness, went on and on seeing pictures—the country kitchen, the forlorn child, the wagon jingling with tins—on and on, telling the pictures in simpler words than usual, but with none of my usual clutching after words. All the time I was listening breathlessly, afraid that the story-teller would stop.

When my voice ceased, one of the girls said: "Did you learn all that by heart?"

I had not learned it by heart. Far from it. But I knew what I had done. Up to that time I had only told about stories. This time I had told a story. I understood the difference in a flash, and saw the possibilities ahead of me; and from that time to this I have told stories. In a natural, unhesitating way I narrate the pictures in my mind. If the pictures are in clear colors, people listen; if they move as the biograph moves, people continue to listen. It is no new thing that I do. From the remotest times there have been story-tellers, and in the far past their art was a great power in the world, stirring the simple minds that knew no books. Wherever such conditions still prevail, as among children and people of limited opportunities, there is a use for story-telling. I saw these opportunities at once, but others that developed later were a surprise to me. Wherever people are interested in children, whether as parents or educators, they are interested in childlike things, and there, too, story-telling is acceptable.

I seldom tell any but children's stories, no matter what my audience may be. When grown-up people are absorbed in story-telling, it is usually because they are reverting to the child that lingers in them, and the child prefers the simple story; then, too, parents enjoy stories that they can repeat to their children. It often seems very droll to me to look down upon several hundred grown people and watch their absorption in the adventures of "The Alligator and the Jackal," or in "The Strange Tale of How the Ocean Became Salt." Sometimes very touching things happen, as when a gray-haired woman tells me afterward, "I have not heard that story before since I was a little girl." Occasionally the reputation I get from these nonsense stories requires all my sense of humor to enable me to endure it, as when I hear that another story-teller has said of me, "I always think of her in connection with the 'Little Half Chick,'" and I suppose she remembers me by the "Nanny Goat." The "Nanny Goat" and the "Half Chick"! Truly that is fame I never dreamed of in my most ambitious college days.

But, after all, I love my art. It is "mine own," and has been both a great pleasure and a source of considerable income to me. I had grown up with the notion that I was, in Yankee phrase, "unfaculized." I had no accomplishments and very little confidence in myself. From the night I discovered that I was a story-teller I have had no time to consider whether I was accomplished or not. I have told stories constantly, at first gladly giving my services, and later, when my *Problem* appeared, seeking also opportunities that were remunerative. It amazes me as I look back four years and see how quickly I began to have returns from my very modest efforts to secure work. They have come from educators and women's clubs for the most part, and one engagement has almost invariably brought another. And in addition to the story-telling and the talks upon story-telling, there have been "odd jobs," suggested by the story-telling to various people, that it would be tedious to enumerate.

One of the "odd jobs" has been giving lessons in story-telling. That brings me to the question over and over asked of me, Is it possible to learn to tell stories? My answer is, "It is possible to improve whatever measure of gift you have." To a girl who has always told stories and who understands sympathetically the personal experience I have just related I would say "Try it. You are sure to give pleasure and to get pleasure. How profitable you may make it in dollars and cents depends on the measure of your gift and your own enterprise."

Talks on story-telling and story-telling entertainments receive from clubs and educational associations their usual rates for lectures, which vary from five to fifteen dollars. Five dollars is the exception, and fifteen dollars is the amount that clubs are willing to pay for entertainments of a more popular nature than their ordinary meetings, such as the annual children's day. Lessons in story-telling to individual pupils and practical talks to normal schools and kindergarten training classes are paid for at the usual rate for tutoring and special instruction, in the latter case depending upon the size of classes and the length of the course. It hardly needs to be said that this development of story-telling could come only after much practical experience, involving careful study and observation.

It was told me recently that one of the best known educators of the country had made the statement that a woman who could tell a story well could make her fortune. I have not proved that by experience, but though, as I suggested above, my efforts to push my trade have been very modest, hardly deserving the name of efforts, the returns from them have surprised me. I have no doubt that another woman who has the gift, and who cares to give her undivided attention to make a profession of story-telling, can earn a very comfortable living from the various lines of work—lecturing, teaching, and entertaining—that it naturally leads to.

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